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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

SATANIC PIETY.

WHAT THE NORTH SHOULD DO.

From The New York Observer.

* * * To restore the reign of good feeling, this fanaticism must be quenched; the war upon the South must be arrested; the platform of mutual toleration and forbearance rebuilt; and the country brought back to the principles of union on which the government alone could have been founded, and on which alone it can be maintained. Our readers know with what steadfast adherence, through evil report if not good report, we have battled for these principles against the fanatical zeal of Northern Abolitionists, who are now justly charged by the Albany *Evening Journal* with at least half the responsibility of the present imminent peril of national dissolution. The "moderation and forbearance" now called for, should be shown in the press, the pulpit, on the rostrum, in the halls of Congress, and in the Legislatures of the States.

All those State laws which have been made for the purpose of impeding the execution of the laws of Congress, and defeating the provisions of the Constitution, ought to be immediately repealed. Good faith demands it. We have made a compact. By its terms we are bound until, by mutual consent, they are changed. The repudiation of those terms by one party dissolves the bond of the other. The Northern States which have made laws to nullify the provisions of the Constitution, have given the South just cause of resentment, and unless such laws are repealed, it is impossible to preserve the association of States. Nor is it desirable. It is far better to separate than to stay together making laws against one another, talking of reprisals, retaliation and non-intercourse. Let us each and all, as honest men, be faithful to our pledges, and then disunion will be unjust rebellion.

In this spirit we must yield prompt submission to the decisions of the Supreme Court. The ravings of such men as Cheever and Garrison and Phillips have had an influence on the South to make them believe that the North will not stand by the judicial decisions of the Courts of the land. We trust there is virtue enough in the people to uphold the laws and enforce them, as they are interpreted by the constitutional expounders. If there is not, our government is indeed a signal failure, and we may as well confess it.

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And in the last place and first place, let us pray. Jeremy Taylor says: "Prayer can obtain everything; can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leaves a blessing; can open the treasures of rain and soften the iron ribs of rock till they melt into a flowing river; can arrest the sun in its course, and send the winds upon our errands." We believe this. Without pretending to understand *how* it is that prayer prevails with a God of unchanging purpose, we still implicitly believe that prayer has power with God. It is in the reach of Christians to save the country, unless it is altogether better that we go to pieces. Therefore, let every man pray. "Blow the trumpet in Zion; sanctify a fast; call a solemn assembly; gather the people: sanctify the congregation; assemble the elders; let the bridegroom go forth out of his chamber, and the bride out of her closet; let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say: Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach."

As James Madison, President, did in a time of far less public peril, we call on James Buchanan, President, to do now: to proclaim a day of fasting and prayer throughout all the land, if so be the Lord will have mercy on us, that we perish not.

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The South ought to believe that they have more friends at the North than they have among themselves. They seem to forget the hundreds of thousands, almost millions, of men at the North, who love them and will stand by them in all their struggles for constitutional rights.

These men in the great conservative Churches of the North, Christian citizens who study the Word of God and are governed in their political action by the immutable principles of truth and righteousness as God has ordained and revealed them: these men are the friends of the whole country, defenders of the Constitution as it is, and they are friends from whom the South now proposes to separate. It is dreadful to reflect that the bonds of Church relationship, of family, of religion itself, are not strong enough to hold us together when the disruption is so painful to both parties. Is there any necessity that compels to the desperate measure? We do not believe there is.

SLAVERY AND THE BIBLE.

From The New York Express.

The Tribune, about as sound upon the Bible as upon the Law and the Constitution, thus appeals to "the higher law" as against the Fugitive Slave compact of the Federal Constitution:

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant who has escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with thee; even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him." (Deut. xxiii. 15, 16.)

Texts picked up, but torn from all contexts! Runaway slaves from a foreign country (Ammonites, Moabites, heathen) were not to be given up by the Jews, but were to be allowed to dwell in the land of the Jews in order to be converted to Judaism, and so be saved from heathendom. Scott's commentary is:

"We cannot suppose that this law required the Israelites to entertain slaves who had robbed their masters *or left their service without cause*, but such only as were cruelly treated, and fled to them for protection, especially from the neighboring nations. To such they were commanded to afford shelter, and show great kindness, both in order to recommend their religion, and *to give them an opportunity of learning it.*"

But Prof. Stuart of Andover, Mass., a far more learned man than Scott, makes the matter much more clear.

"The first inquiry of course is," says this divine, "in regard to those very words, 'Where does his master live?' Among the Hebrews, or among foreigners? The language of the passage fully developes this and answers the question. 'He has escaped from his master unto the Hebrews: (the text says—*thee, i. e.* Israel;) *he shall dwell with thee, even among you . . . . in one of thy gates.*' Of course, then, he is an *immigrant*, and did *not* dwell *among them* before his flight. If he had been a Hebrew servant, belonging to a Hebrew, the whole face of the thing would be changed. Restoration, or restitution, if we may judge by the tenor of other property laws among the Hebrews, would have surely been enjoined. But, be that as it may, the language of the text puts it beyond a doubt that the servant is a *foreigner*, and has fled from a *heathen master*. This entirely changes the complexion of the case. The Hebrews were God's chosen people, and were the only nation on earth which worshipped the only living and true God: . . . In case a slave escaped from them (the heathen) and came to the Hebrews, two things were to be taken into consideration, according to the views of the Jewish legislator. The first was that the treatment of slaves among the heathen was far more severe and rigorous than it could be under the Mosaic law. The heathen master possessed the power of life and death, of scourging or imprisoning, or putting to excessive toil, even to any extent that he pleased. Not so among the Hebrews. *Humanity* pleaded there for the protection of the fugitive. The second and most important consideration was, that only among the Hebrews could the fugitive slave come to the knowledge and worship of the only living and true God."

But the Southerners are not heathen idolaters. If the God of the Hebrews be also the God of Southern masters, then the Northern States do not violate the precept in question—they only discharge a solemn constitutional obligation—in delivering up "fugitives from labor."

In the United States, all Christian, (one Judea,) there exist not only the lesson of Hagar, the bondwoman of the Old Testament, and of Onesimus, the slave of the New Testament, but the positive compact of Cæsar in the Constitution (render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's), to deliver up runaway slaves *on* mere "*claim.*"

The Old Testament and the New Testament, both, are full of laws regulating slavery. Slavery, indeed, is as old as the Bible itself. As long ago as when Abraham and Lot departed out of Haran, about four centuries after the flood, they took with them not only the substance which they had gathered, "but the souls which they had gotten in Haran" (Gen. xii. 5). The patriarch in the land of promise was respected as the master and proprietor of a body of servants, of whom "three hundred and eighteen were able to bear arms" (Gen. xiv. 14). The wealth of Isaac consisted not only in flocks and herds, but in "great store of servants" (Gen. xxvi. 14). When Jacob returned from Padan-aram, his wealth was "oxen and asses, flocks, *and men servants and women servants*" (Gen. xxxii. 5). Moses, the inspired legislator, defined several modes in which persons might become slaves.

"Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids: moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your bond, and they shall be your *possessions*, and ye shall take them as an INHERITANCE for your children after you, TO INHERIT THEM FOR A POSSESSION."

In one of the Ten Commandments, the right of property in the servant is recognized thus:

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor *his* man servant, nor *his* maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's."

Now every Abolitionist—and too many Republicans—in the eighteen free States of our country "COVET" the servants of our own countrymen in the fifteen other States, and not only "covet" them, but often "steal" them, or run Underground Railroads to abduct them, and if perchance any of these servants come among us, as nurses, or maids, or body servants, to tarry with us only for the season, they mob the master of such servant, or commit violence upon such servant, if the servant prefers his master to our mob-freedom. Is all this Scriptural? Is it right?

PARTISANSHIP AND PATRIOTISM.

From The Christian (?) Intelligencer.

The critical condition of the country is beginning to produce at the North some hopeful signs of better days for the Republic, and of improved morals for the political world. It is now plain that incendiary teachers and preachers of abolitionism have fallen into sudden but deep disgrace. By the help of their Southern allies, they have brought the government to the verge of dissolution, and the people are awaking as if from a trance, to see and comprehend what manner of troublers they have been feeding and nursing. Foremost in promulgating conciliatory doctrines is Mr. Thurlow Weed, the Nestor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, who styles the Abolitionists *miscreants*, and charges them with originating much of the present danger that menaces the Union. His opinion is copied and indorsed by leading Republican prints, and the politicians all seem agreed in their purpose to be rid of Abolitionists and of abolitionism. In Boston, the other day, a meeting called by the sympathizers with John Brown was taken possession of by conservative men, and strong resolutions condemning incendiaries were adopted.

These and other signs of reformation in public opinion are hopeful, so far as they go. But it must not be forgotten that at the very time when patriotism was lifting up earnest prayer to God for his merciful interposition to save us from the consequences of sectional violence, at the very time when the Northern pulpit was preaching "good will to men," Mr. Beecher delivered one of his most inflammatory of harangues; *The Independent* exulted in its wildest style over the coming triumphs of abolitionism; Wendell Phillips uttered one of his most infamous of sectional philippics; while Redpath, and others of that ilk, were heaping diligence upon industry to invent new methods of fanning the anti-slavery excitement.

Teachers and preachers of the class named are now revealed as real Disunionists. They are as much intent as Yancey, Keitt, or Brown, upon breaking up the government. *They hate the Union because it stands in the way of servile insurrections.* If the people of the South are expected to withdraw their support from the schemes and doctrines of partisan leaders, the people of the North are required at the same time to withdraw their confidence from the Beechers, and Cheevers, and Redpaths, and Emersons, who, like the serpent in the garden of Eden, have beguiled them into sin, and into well nigh actual ruin.

Americans loathe the saintly despotism of Antonelli, the panther of the Apennines, and Prime Minister of the Pope. Something of the same feeling of healthy disgust is beginning to be cherished for that political, religious, trading sheet known as *The Independent*, which sheet, under religious pretexts, is now, in its weekly issues, appealing to its many readers to stand firm with menace and threat, and dare the misguided South to ask for its constitutional rights.

The times are such as to demand a speedy dismissal of the false prophets and vindictive zealots who have fanned the disunion fire at the North, and helped the disunion leaders at the South to gain their present influence. It is a source of satisfaction to know that *The Christian Intelligencer* has, from its establishment, inculcated those broad catholic views of duty, and sought to foster that spirit of fraternal forbearance and concord which are now confessed to be essential to the preservation of our national unity. In these days of alarm and confusion, it has not a word to recall, nor a sentiment to modify. It has maintained the authority of the Constitution in all its provisions, and insisted upon the exercise of Christian charity. For some time past, its counsels have been despised, and the dribble of a ruthless fanaticism preferred instead. But right and truth prevail in the long run; and so we can say, with gratitude to God, that this journal is under no compulsion from present emergencies to change its position, or learn, for the first time, that patriotism is better than blind partisanship. Against the extremists of the North and the South there must be erected a barrier of moderation by the conservative masses of either section, or all will be lost. The time for remedial action may be brief, but there is yet time. Let one and all pray for the rulers of this nation, that they may be emancipated from the despotism of passion and fanaticism, and that the people may rally to the fortress of the Constitution, and maintain it in all its integrity.

BLASPHEMY.

[Extract from the Thanksgiving Sermon of the Rev. W. J. Hoge, D.D., colleague of Dr. Spring, and reported to be a slaveholder.]

They had heard the ill-timed phrases and blasphemies of these men (Abolitionists). They knew how they had insulted God, decried the past, and slighted the most precious names in our history. They knew how the spirit of these men, when it got the power, sent out its emissaries by night, with the torch and knife of the assassin, the pluck of the bull-dog and the ferocity of the tiger. After the work of assassination had been done, there was a reaction for awhile; but soon they had had words from the pulpits and presses, proclaiming him who had done the deed a martyr, and his act parallel (should he say superior?) to the acts of him who was nailed on the cross for our salvation—declarations that he had made the halter as glorious as the cross of Jesus Christ! Had they lived to hear such blasphemy? Had the man been the purest martyr that ever lived, such language would still be blasphemy. They had heard it—not that alone, they had heard it until they had become used to it.

"SCRIPTURAL GROUND."

[Synopsis of the Thanksgiving Sermon of Rev. Nehemiah (Southside) Adams, D.D., of Boston.]

The subject of Rev. Dr. Adams's Thanksgiving Sermon, at Essex street church, was, "The Practical Evil of Indiscriminating Views and Feelings with regard to Involuntary Servitude." The text was Jeremiah i. 14, "Out of the north an evil shall break forth upon all the inhabitants of the land." Without discussing American slavery, he showed the unscripturalness of many principles acted upon by those who oppose it, and maintained that there could not be a well-grounded peace till all concerned united in making the Word of God their standard on this subject. He ascribed a very large part of our past and present sectional troubles to the Northern indiscriminate and unscriptural assaults upon the Southern institution and Southern character. He showed from the Old and New Testaments that masters were not presumptively sinners in holding this relation, and that our regarding them as such was a prolific source of irritation, with its consequences. He denied that the great body of Northerners were fanatic on this subject; they felt strongly, as all must do when such a thing as involuntary servitude is in question; but he said that we had erred in failing to discriminate between a thing not in itself sinful, and the sins and evils resulting from it. We might, perhaps, succeed to live in a state of armed neutrality, North and South, but there never would be amity till we at the North should be discriminatingly just to Southern character and motives, and take scriptural ground with regard to their institution. If the system is to be continued, this is indispensable to our having any influence with the South; if it is to be abolished, this is the surest and safest way to effect it. We need not fear that we shall be advocates of oppression if we follow the Bible to any conclusion.

DOUGHFACE REPUBLICANISM.

PROPOSITIONS OF COMPROMISE.

From The Albany Evening Journal.

"AUGUSTA, Friday, Nov. 23.

"A resolution was offered in the Georgia Legislature demanding the repeal, by Northern States, of laws obstructing the rendition of fugitive slaves; also, an enactment of Congress for removing obstructions by Territories in the introduction of all property; such action being contingent on Georgia remaining in the Union."

HERE is something tangible. It suggests a basis on which negotiations can be inaugurated. South Carolina goes ahead without "rhyme or reason." There it is not disunion for cause, but disunion *per se*.

Assuming the possibility of coming together in a fraternal spirit for the purpose of effecting "a more perfect union among the States," we are not without hopes that the result may prove auspicious. With a mutual desire to harmonize differences, let us suppose that, in place of a *vindictive* Fugitive Slave law—a law repugnant to manhood and honor—one should be enacted which arms the Federal authorities with all needful power for its execution, together with a provision making Counties where fugitives are rescued by violence, from officers who have them in charge, liable for the value of the slaves so rescued.

And in regard to the other vexed question, viz., the right of going into the Territories with slaves, why not restore the Missouri Compromise line? That secured to the South all territory adapted, by soil and climate, to its "peculiar institution."

From the same.

There is little to be hoped from *extremes* on either side of this question. The Fire-eaters of the South, and the Abolitionists of the North, aim, for different reasons, at the same end. Both are disunionists. The efforts of each have tended to a common object.

We have never "calculated the value of the Union." Our earliest impressions are deepest and most abiding. In the simplicity of childhood we learned, from Washington's Farewell Address, to

"Indignantly frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

We are now old-fashioned enough to cherish this admonition. When, thirty years ago, this "attempt dawned" in South Carolina, it *was* "indignantly frowned upon." But upon its second "dawning" it does not encounter, from the right quarter, the "indignation" which rebuked and overawed it then. It is now more than tolerated by members of the President's Cabinet. If, upon the reassembling of Congress, the President himself proves derelict, the country must prepare itself for a stern ordeal. Encouraged by Federal impunity, treason will assume a defiant attitude.

The real motives of those who conspire to overthrow the government are carefully concealed. The reasons assigned are mere pretexts—nothing more, in fact, than false pretences. The quiet, calm, constitutional election of Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, to be President and Vice-President, constitutes neither justification, excuse or apology for dissolving the Union. With no other cause of complaint, we are prepared—our friends are prepared—the country is prepared—to abide the consequences, "peacefully if they may—forcibly if they must."

But with our consent, humble as it is, the South shall have no *just* cause of quarrel. None of their constitutional rights should be abridged—none of their lawful interests should be injuriously affected. The North should discharge its whole duty to the South; and then, come what may come, maintain and uphold the supremacy of the Constitution and laws.

It is, probably, too true, that any plan of adjustment "comes *too soon* for the North, and will come *too late* for the South." It is almost certain to be so if the President falters. And this problem—fraught with consequences so vital—will be solved in a week!

From the same.

To our dissenting friends, who will not question our devotion to freedom, however much they may distrust our judgment, we submit a few earnest admonitions:

1. There is imminent danger of a dissolution of the Union.

2. This danger originated in the ambition and cupidity of men who desire a Southern despotism, and in the fanatic zeal of Northern Abolitionists who seek the emancipation of slaves, regardless of consequences.

3. The danger can only be averted by such moderation and forbearance as will draw out, strengthen and combine the Union sentiment of the whole country.

The disunion sentiment is paramount in at least seven States, while it divides and distracts as many more. Nor is it wise to deceive ourselves with the impression that the South is not in earnest. It is in earnest, and the sentiment has taken hold of all classes with such blind vehemence as to "crush out" the Union sentiment.

Now, while, as has been said, it is easy to prove all this unjust and wrong, we have to deal with things as they are—with facts as they exist—with people blinded by passion. Peaceable secession is not intended; nor is it practicable even if such was its object. Mad, however, as the South is, there is a Union sentiment there worth cherishing. It will develop and expand as fast as the darkness and delusion, in relation to the feelings of the North, can be dispelled. This calls for moderation and forbearance. We do not, when our dwelling is in flames, stop to ascertain whether it was the work of an incendiary before we extinguish the fire? Hence our suggestions of a basis of adjustment, without the expectation that they would be accepted, in terms, by either section, but that they might possibly inaugurate a movement in that direction. The Union is worth preserving. And if worth preserving, suggestions in its behalf, however crude, will not be contemned. A victorious party can afford to be tolerant—not, as our friends assume, in the abandonment or abasement of its principles or character—but in efforts to correct and disabuse the minds of those who misunderstand both.

Before a final appeal—before a resort to the "rough frown of war"—we should like to see a convention of the people, consisting of delegates appointed by the States. After more than seventy years of "wear and tear," of collision and abrasion, it should be no cause of wonder that the machinery of government is found weakened, or out of repair, or even defective. Nor would it be unprofitable for the North and South, bringing their respective griefs, claims, and proposed reforms to a common arbitrament, to meet, discuss, and determine upon a future.

It will be said, that we have done nothing wrong, and have nothing to offer. This, supposing it true, is precisely the reason we should both propose and offer whatever may, by possibility, avert the evils of civil war and preserve the blessings of union.

Many suppose that the North has nothing to lose by a division of the Union. Some even say that we are to be gainers by it. We do not, for obvious reasons, intend to discuss this aspect of the question. But it is a mistake—a serious and an expensive mistake. The North and South were wisely, and by a good Providence, united. Their interests, their welfare, their happiness, their glory, their destiny, is one. Separated, while the North languishes, the South becomes, first a despotism, running riot for a season, with unrestrained African slavery, to share, in time, the fate of every tropical nation, whether despotism, monarchy or republic. That fate, induced by the indolence, luxury, and laxity of the privileged few over the oppressed, degraded, and enslaved many, is anarchy and destruction. That fate is written in the history of all enslaved nations; its ancient, seared and crumbling, but instructive monuments, are seen in Egypt, in Italy, in Central America, and in Mexico.

These are the evils—and they are not imaginary—that we desire to avert. But, conscious of the feebleness of a single voice in a tempest, there is little to expect but to abide its peltings. The Republican party now represents one side of a controversy fraught with the safety and welfare of this government and nation. As an individual, we shall endeavor to do our duty; and, as we understand it, that duty does not consist in folded arms, or sealed ears, or closed eyes. Even if, as our Rochester and Syracuse friends—and they are such in the truest meaning of the word—the North stands, in all respects, blameless in this controversy, much is needed to correct the impressions of the Southern people, many of whom, truly informed, would join us in defending the Union. We do not mistake the mission of the Republican party in assuming that, while defending free territory from aggression, it maintains and holds the supremacy of the Constitution and laws. The people have entrusted the government to our keeping, and we must not abuse their confidence or disappoint their expectations.

It is proper, though perhaps scarcely necessary, to say, that in this solicitude for the Union we think and speak only for ourself. We are either better or not so well informed of the condition of the country and the bearings of this controversy as others—either in advance of or behind the intelligence of the times. But as we speak only for ourself, nobody else can be compromised or harmed.

From the same.

The public mind, as events ripen, will be better prepared to render its verdict. It required courage, therefore, to say now, what can only be comprehended three months hence; but what, for any useful purpose, needed to be said promptly. In the approaching crisis we shall want all the Union strength in the Republic, and our purpose is, as far as may be, to draw out, encourage and consolidate that strength. In doing so we may temporarily tax the "patience" of friends, by whose ultimate "convictions" we are content to be judged.

If the Syracuse *Journal* had read us attentively, it would have seen that we objected to the existing Fugitive Slave law *because* it "legislated" private citizens "into slave-catchers." But when that journal adds that the "people of the free States are not to be compelled to pay for runaway slaves *any more than for runaway horses or hogs*," it forgets that the owners of slaves claim protection in virtue of a provision of the Constitution. Grant that it is a distasteful provision. It is, nevertheless, as binding as the more congenial provisions. Nor should we forget that, when adopted, New York was herself interested in it. Subsequently, we abolished slavery, partly in accordance with the spirit which seeks universal emancipation, and partly because it was unprofitable. Under a tropical sun, with a soil producing rice, sugar and cotton, there would, even in New York, have been a hard struggle between humanity and "the almighty dollar."

"The people of the free States are not expected to stand by and wink at kidnapping," says the Syracuse *Journal*. Our difference with our friend commences here. With sympathies as warm as his, and while no power shall compel us, as a citizen, to "catch" a slave, we are forbidden to obstruct officers in the discharge of any duty. The present Fugitive Slave law is a detestable one. Its vindictive features were designed to insult and degrade us. But a proper and efficient Fugitive Slave law is a requirement of the Constitution; and we are as much bound to observe and obey such a law, as South Carolina is to observe and obey any other provision of the Constitution.

God knows that we should rejoice to see every human being—all who are created in the image of their Maker—entitled, where their lives or their liberty are concerned, to a trial by jury. But under our present form of government, with the Constitution as our law and guide, this is impracticable. Our fathers found slavery so deeply seated, and so intricately connected with their business, that they could not form a Union without recognizing and tolerating it. As Christians and philanthropists, they looked forward to its ultimate extinction, but only by just measures and peaceful influences. Inheriting their principles and imbued with their sympathies, we have, in our humble way, labored to the same end, but always in subordination to the Constitution and laws.

The duty which the Constitution imposes in relation to fugitive slaves, is a hard one, but while we disregard it, we have no right to complain of slave States for disregarding it in other respects. We have never refused to contribute our share towards purchasing the freedom of slaves applying for aid. Nor have we ever refused charity to people of color, in distress, without inquiring whether they were fugitives or free. But we loath and detest the whole race of miscreants who have done more harm than their necks are worth, in beguiling domestic slaves from families travelling and sojourning in free States.

In view of what is coming, and in the hope of averting it, we would cheerfully consent to a law which should provide for the payment of every fugitive rescued from an officer by violence.

INTERVIEW OF A SOUTHERN PLANTER WITH THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Gazette* publishes the result of an interview between a wealthy planter of Mississippi and Abraham Lincoln. It says:

"The planter desired to purchase an additional supply of negroes to pick his present crop of cotton, but feared to do so on account of the great depreciation in their value, and the alarming excitement which pervaded the South. In order to ascertain, from his own lips, Lincoln's policy, he visited him at his residence in Springfield, Illinois.

"Mr. Lincoln informed him that he was opposed to any interference with slavery in the States, or with the inter-State slave trade; that he was opposed to abolishing or interfering with slavery in the District of Columbia; and that he was only opposed to its extension in the Territories, but added, "that was only an opinion of his." He was then asked what would be done in the event that South Carolina seceded from the Union? He replied that he would let her go, if Congress did not pass a 'Force Bill.'

"He stated that if no one would accept office in that State, of course they could receive no benefits from the government, and the whole expense for the distribution of the mails would devolve on her own citizens. He concluded by advising the Mississippian to purchase as many negroes as he needed, and expressed the opinion that in twelve months slave property would be worth more than it ever had been. Upon these assurances, the gentleman was, on Saturday, making his way to Virginia to purchase more negroes."

JOHN BROWN AND FREE SPEECH.

From The Boston Advertiser.

The cry of "free speech" which will no doubt be set up on behalf of those who yesterday saw their meeting taken out of their hands, can find little support among unprejudiced observers. It might perhaps be a question whether a meeting at which men like Governor Packer, of Pennsylvania, were invited to speak, was not open for others of similar opinions to express their own views, or even to conduct, if they should be in a position to do so. But aside from this, sensitive as the chord is which any appeal for free speech touches, it will hardly vibrate in response to the appeals of those who claim that glorious privilege only to abuse it. And what abuse of it could be more flagrant or more deserve condemnation, than to use it simply as the means of adding to a great national excitement and peril, of misleading one section of the country as to the sentiment which pervades the other, and embittering still further that controversy which now divides the States of this Union?

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

From The New York Times.

Senator Douglas has given notice of his intention to introduce a bill amending the Fugitive Slave law of 1850, so as to provide more effectually for the recovery of "persons held to service escaping from one State to another." We have no intimation of the character of its provisions. But if it should be framed in the proper spirit and with due regard to the exigencies of the case, it cannot fail to pave the way for action on the part of the Northern States, which may give the Union men of the South a better basis for their efforts to preserve the Union than they have at present.

There are two objects to be accomplished by amendments of the Fugitive Slave law—one, the more effective operation of that law in securing the return of fugitives; the other, the removal of those features of it which have put freemen at the North in jeopardy, and have thus led to the enactment of the obnoxious Personal Liberty bills. Fortunately these measures depend upon each other. Whatever secures the latter, secures the former also. Mr. Douglas knows enough of Northern sentiment to understand the necessity of removing all *just* ground of complaint, in order to secure the execution of the law. There is, unquestionably, a very strong feeling against the surrender of any fugitive slave; but this sentiment will yield to the conviction of the absolute and imperative constitutional duty of surrender, if that conviction is only allowed fair play, by being left untrammelled and unhampered by valid objections to the law.

It seems to us, therefore, that certain concessions can be made to Northern feeling on this point, not only without the slightest risk of impairing the efficiency of the law, but, on the contrary, with the certainty of increasing it—and with the additional advantage of securing the prompt repeal of the Personal Liberty bills, which find their only support in the sentiment of hostility to these harsh features of the existing act.

Selections.

A PAINFUL DISCLOSURE.

A SLAVE-WOMAN BURNED ALIVE.

THE VICTIM A MEMBER OF THE CHOCTAW MISSION CHURCH.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23, 1860.

To the Editors of The Independent:

GENTLEMEN: It is the right of the Christian public to know the extraordinary transaction which is the subject of the following correspondence, and to investigate it more fully. It will be seen that the American Board never received any intelligible hint of it, till the Choctaw mission had passed from their hands; and that the General Assembly's Board has hitherto had no *adequate* report:

To the Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M.:

DEAR BRETHREN: Will you permit me to make a few inquiries respecting an occurrence at the Choctaw mission?

I have been recently informed, on good and direct authority, that while that mission remained nominally under the care of the American Board, viz., on the first Sabbath in January, 1859, a slave-woman was burned alive at a public meeting in the Choctaw nation, after having been previously tortured in the vain attempt to extract from her a confession of guilt. I am informed that she was a reputable member of a mission Church. If I am not mistaken, her master and mistress were members of the same Church. I am told that at the same time the dead body of a slave-man was also burned; he having been put to the torture, and having committed suicide to escape the doom that awaited him. This transaction took place within ten miles of a missionary station, and it has been intimated to me that Church-members were not clear of participation in the crime.

It seems to me due to the cause of our Master that such a transaction should receive from a Christian community that attention which its remarkable character demands. And in order to elicit all the facts of the case, permit me respectfully to ask you the following questions:

1. While the Choctaw mission was in connection with the A. B. C. F. M., did you receive any information respecting the burning of slaves in the Choctaw nation? If so, can you state the circumstances? What were the charges? Did the parties plead guilty? What parties took part in the burning? Were there any Church-members who gave their assent to the burning, or were in any way implicated in the procedure? What action was taken in the Church or the mission upon the subject?

2. Had the Prudential Committee any reference to facts of this description, when they said, in the Annual Report for 1859, that they were "embarrassed by facts and considerations" which they could not "properly submit to the public eye"?

3. Have you, since the Choctaw mission ceased to be under the care of the American Board, received from any responsible party personally acquainted with the affairs of the mission, any intimation of the transaction above referred to? If so, when? and what was the nature of that information?

You will oblige me by giving an early reply to these questions, with permission to make known the answer to the public. I have made similar inquiries of the Assembly's Board and of Rev. Cyrus Byington, missionary to the Choctaws.

Yours respectfully, SAMUEL C. BARTLETT.

Chicago, October 22, 1860.

MISSION HOUSE, Boston, Oct. 27, 1860.

Rev. S. C. BARTLETT, Chicago, Ill.—*Dear Brother:* It devolves upon me to reply to your favor of Oct. 22d, addressed to the Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M., as I have all the information bearing upon your question which has been received at the Missionary House.

My answer to your *first* inquiry is that we received no information respecting the burning of slaves in the Choctaw nation while the Choctaw mission was connected with the Board. I will add, moreover, that none of us had any suspicion that such a tragedy as you describe could possibly occur.

My answer to your *second* inquiry you will have anticipated. The statement in the Annual Report for 1859, to which you have alluded, had *no* reference whatever to any facts of this description.

My answer to the *third* inquiry is that in August, 1860, I received a letter from Mr. Chamberlain, late of the Choctaw mission, in which he intimated that he might at some future time make a statement "in connection with the burning of slaves on the first Sabbath in January, 1859." This was the first intimation which I received from any one "personally acquainted with the affairs of that mission," that such an event had occurred.

I ought to say, however, that I had received letters from Mr. Chamberlain, (the earliest dated Dec. 7, 1859), which were unintelligible to me at the time, but which, as I now suppose, referred to this transaction. From a still earlier letter (written May 2, 1859, after the Committee had decided to discontinue the mission, but before the formal resolution was passed), I inferred that Mr. C. felt somewhat embarrassed in his position; but I had no suspicion that his embarrassment grew out of any such matter.

Very respectfully yours, S. B. TREAT,
Sec. of the A. B. C. F. M.

The letter of inquiry sent to the Secretary of the General Assembly's Board of Missions, is, for brevity's sake, omitted. It covered substantially the points of question No. 1 in the letter to the American Board, and contained the additional inquiry, "Was the missionary, having under his care the Church to which this woman belonged, the Commissioner from the Indian Presbytery to the last General Assembly? And has he made any report of the transaction?" The letter was dated Oct. 18th, and elicited the following reply:

MISSION HOUSE, New York, Oct. 30.

Rev. SAMUEL C. BARTLETT—*Dear Sir:* Your letter of the 22d inst. has been received. The painful transaction to which you refer took place a year before the missionaries of the American Board were received by us, and of course no report in relation to it was made to us. The only information we have on the subject is contained in a letter from one of our original missionaries, dated the 12th of January last, and is the following: "About a year ago a black man killed his master without any provocation. The master was a worthy man, and a member of Mr. Byington's Church. Afterwards the man made confession, and accused one of the black women of having instigated him to do the deed. Having made this confession, and discovered the body of his master, he got away from those in charge of him, jumped into the Little river, and drowned himself. Lucy, the one charged as the instigator of the murder, was taken by the enraged relatives and burned. The poor woman was also a member of Mr. Byington's Church, and protested to the last her innocence. The murdered man was a Mr. Haskins, a brother of Mr. George Haskins, one of the first men in the nation. His wife is a daughter of Col. P. P. Pitchlynn. It was a terrible affair, but the mission and the Church here are not responsible for it."

I am, yours respectfully, WALTER LOWRIE.

It will be seen that the communication of Secretary Lowrie fully confirms this tale of woe in all its essential particulars, and also makes known the fact that the poor victim, her deceased master, and surviving mistress, were all members of a Church under the care of Rev. C. Byington, Commissioner in the last General Assembly. The concluding comment of the missionary that "neither the mission nor the Church here are responsible for it," will not satisfy Christian men. They have a responsibility in regard to it, which they do not appear to have met.

Five weeks have now elapsed since I wrote to Mr. Byington, respectfully asking for such information as he might be willing to give the public concerning this public transaction, the relation of the various parties to the Church, and the course which the Church have taken. As yet, no reply has been received. I would now earnestly call upon him to break the portentous silence which he has kept for two years, concerning this fearful slaughter of one of the "little ones" of his flock, and to show us that his Church and *all its members* not only are clear of all complicity in the affair, but have discharged their whole duty in the case.

I would also request that Mr. J. D. Chamberlain would complete the information at which he has hinted in his letters to Secretary Treat, and tell the Christian public what he knows concerning this extraordinary tragedy—a Christian woman, the mother of eight children, "owned" by another Christian woman, persisting in her innocence, though three times hung up to extort confession of guilt, and burned alive with the words of prayer and praise upon her lips!

Yours truly, S. C. BARTLETT.

THE TERROR OF THE SOUTH.

EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER FROM A LADY IN SOUTH CAROLINA RECEIVED IN THIS CITY.

From The New York Times.

K——, S. C., Saturday, Dec. 1, 1860.

MY DEAR UNCLE: It is with different feelings that I seat myself to pen these lines to you, from those which actuated me when I wrote you last. Then all looked bright and cheerily in the future—now how gloomy and portentous; still I fervently "pray God that this cup may pass away from us." The country here is all aglow with the fires of revolution, and such is the intensity of excitement that we can scarcely find time or inclination to talk or think of anything else than the political topics of the day, and the moral and social consequences directly pertaining to secession. I fear that secession and revolution are, with our people, foregone conclusions; that we have gone so far, retraction and recession are impossible, and that civil war, with all its consequent horrors, is already upon us. I shudder for the wives and mothers, sisters and babes of South Carolina, as I contemplate the immediate future of the State. You need not be surprised at any time to see me and the children in your midst, for no argument could induce me to remain here an hour longer than I should be compelled to, if the worst should come to the worst.

You may imagine, dear uncle, our situation, but you can never realize it in its fulness. Already we tremble in our own homes in anticipation and expectancy of what is liable to burst forth at any moment, *a negro insurrection*. Could you see the care and precaution displayed here by the proprietors of the negroes, not only planters, but others, you would not for a moment envy us our possessions. Not a night passes that we do not securely lock our field servants in their quarters; but our most loved and valued house servants, whom in ordinary times we would trust to any extent, are watched and guarded against with all the scrutiny and care that we possess. Our planters and owners of slave property do not allow their servants to have any intercourse with each other, and the negroes are confined strictly to the premises where they belong. We are all obliged to increase our force of overseers to prevent too free intercourse even among our own servants. The negroes feel and notice these new restraints, and naturally ask "Why is this?" But it is unnecessary for them to ask the question, for they all comprehend the cause as well as we who own them. They have already learned enough to give them an idea of what is going on in the State and nation, and this knowledge they have not gained from Abolitionists, as some suppose, but from the conversation of their owners indirectly held in their presence. They have already heard of Lincoln's election, and have heard also that he is for giving them their liberty, and you may imagine the result.

You have heard that our servants all love their masters, and their masters' families, and would lay down their lives for them—that the colored race in the South prefers slavery to freedom—that they would not be free if they could, etc., etc. That is but the *poetry* of the case, the *reality* consists in sleeping upon our arms at night—in doubly bolting and barring our doors—in establishing and maintaining an efficient patrol force—in buying watch-dogs, and in taking turns in watching our sleeping children, to guard them and ourselves from the vengeance of these same "loving servants," a vengeance which, though now smouldering, is liable to burst out at any moment, to overwhelm the State in spite of the Palmetto flags or State precautions.

You at the North are not the only ones who are suffering financially by this new panic. The planters among us are really suffering from the depreciation in their property. Already negroes are not worth half price. No one dares to buy a servant, fearing lest he, in doing so, should be introducing upon his plantation one tinctured with the idea

to oppose. Did our revolutionary fathers deserve foreign sympathy, and was it meritorious on the part of France to aid them to achieve their independence? So do the slaves deserve as much sympathy and aid at the hands of all who believe in the Bunker Hill process of making tyranny bite the dust. Was it to the immortal honor of Lafayette, that he drew his sword and perilled his life for our deliverance? Still more is it to the glory of John Brown and his associates at Harper's Ferry, that they staked all that was dear to them, and nearly all perished, in the attempt to liberate the sable bondmen in Virginia. "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" Brand the man as a hypocrite and dastard, who, in one breath, exults in the deeds of Washington and Warren, and in the next, denounces Nat Turner as a monster for refusing longer to wear the yoke and be driven under the lash, and for taking up arms to defend his God-given rights. If the doctrine of non-resistance ought to be spurned for oppressed white men, it is equally to be spurned for oppressed black men. Weapons of death for all, or for none, who are struggling to be free. Let Hancock and Adams be covered with infamy, or the black liberators who aided John Brown be honored in history.

Thus do I defend the manhood of the humblest slave as on a level with that of his lordly tyrant, and thus do I place them together on the same equality of natural rights. Thus do I test the nation by its own revolutionary standard, taking Bunker Hill monument for my measuring line. No matter for race or complexion—"a man's a man, for a' that." But, for myself, I believe in the inviolability of human life, and therefore disarm, by my principles, alike the oppressor and the oppressed. I believe in the immense superiority of spiritual over carnal weapons, and so seek not the overthrow of slavery by a bloody process. But, assuredly, were I a convert to the doctrine of '76, that a resort to the sword is justifiable to recover lost liberty, then would I plot insurrection by day and by night, deal more in blows and less in words, and seek through blood the emancipation of all who are groaning in captivity at the South.

Finally, I am for taking away all the props which now sustain the slave system, and thus effecting its speedy and eternal overthrow.

Yours, for no union with slaveholders,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

JAMES REDPATH, Esq.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE TWO BOSTONS.

OUR readers have all of them read before now the details of the farcical attempt of the Boston Brokers to break up the John Brown Meeting in the Tremont Temple on the 31 inst. We say farcical, for though their good will was bloody enough, they had not the pluck to reduce it to act. They would have been very glad, no doubt, if some of their Irish accessories had assassinated Mr. Phillips on his way home from the evening meeting, but they had too much regard for their own necks to make a binding contract with any of them so as to secure the performance of the deed. In fact, it appears that the leaders of the mob prudently hid themselves when the police were arrayed against them instead of on their side, and after they had received timely warning that there were men, not unused to fighting and well accustomed to the use of arms, who were determined "to make an example," in the words of John Brown the Younger, of some of the rioters, should the police prove false or insufficient to keep them outside the door. However tragic their plot, the *denouement* of their drama was simply farce of the broadest kind.

The purpose of these heroes of the kerb-stone was doubtless to assure the slaveholders that Boston was still true to her traditions of kidnapping as illustrated in the cases of Sims and Burns, and that she might be trusted as in 1835 to "snake out" and discomfit the disturbers of their peace and dignity. Had the history of the 3d of December ended with the clearing of the Tremont Temple by orders of the Mayor, by the expulsion of its lawful occupants on the demand of riotous intruders, there might have been what John Adams called "a plausible appearance of a probability" of the truth of this gloss. But, unluckily for them, the Meeting refused to be so suppressed, and adjourned to another place for the evening session. A demand being made upon the City authorities for protection, the Mayor and Aldermen had the sense to see that it was a thing they could not refuse, without exposing themselves to wrath and indignation of much more consequence to them than that of the State street note-shavers. Twenty-five years have wrought a mighty change, even in Boston, and the Boston of 1860 is a very different Boston from that of 1835. Then, the mob was openly instigated by men of the first social position and the greatest weight of character. Now, the leaders were men of no consideration or importance whatever—their claim to be gentlemen, which the Anti-Slavery papers even have conceded to them, resting solely, as we are credibly informed, upon their coats being whole at the elbows and their shirts not noticeably dirty. But neither pecuniarily nor politically were they of any significance whatever. In 1835 there was no part of the population, excepting the hunted Abolitionists themselves, that had a word to say against the Garrison Mob. The Mob party was in possession of the State, and even Governor Everett was emboldened to hint at potential penalties for Free Speech.

Now the situation of affairs is entirely changed. In Boston itself there is a large minority which have been educated by the Anti-Slavery Agitation of a quarter of a century into the apprehension of the truth that Mobs are not to put down Meetings and that Mayors are not appointed to be their instruments. And the State is entirely in the hands of this promising class of political pupils who have been brought up by the Abolition Schoolmaster to understand that Free Speech is the essential element of their own life and growth. The examples of New York and Baltimore, from whose incompetent or corrupt municipalities the State has interposed to take the protection of the persons and properties of the citizens to whom it is due from the Sovereign authority, no doubt were of main weight with the Boston authorities. Plain intimations which had been given that Gov. Andrew would have the appointment of the Police of Boston the next year struck terror into the hearts of the men and dismay into the souls of their masters. At any rate, sufficient measures were taken, by the detailing of a large body of the police and the holding in readiness of an adequate military force, to enable the John Brownists, as the newspapers called them, to carry out their Meeting in the evening to a prosperous issue. Accordingly, the report which will go down to the South of Boston will be, that the Municipal Authorities, with force and arms, sustained the right of the admirers of Capt. Brown to hold their meeting and deliver their minds on any points they pleased to the fullest extent they liked. So that the whole beneficial result of this Bill-brokers' *coup d'etat* of December, if any, will be to recommend the individual heroes of the moving attack to the favor of the slaveholders having business in Boston. An advantage which, in the present state of affairs, we apprehend will not command a premium at the Brokers' Board.

If these ridiculous persons, who undertook to carry on a war of which they had not counted the cost, had any motive for their absurd conduct excepting to curry favor with the slaveholders, or their advisers (if there really were prompters of any consequence behind the scenes), it was undoubtedly that of intimidating the Republican majority of the Massachusetts Legislature into repealing the Personal Liberty bill, or performing such other acts of degradation as may make the beaten party forgive the successful one. If so, nothing could be more intensely asinine than this means directed to such an end. It is bad enough to be asked to revoke the deliberately and repeatedly defined policy of the State under menace of South Carolina; without being expected to cower before the puny fists of the petty Shylocks of their own capital city. It is a kind of "pitchfork-enticing" which we rather think the members from the rural districts of the Bay State will not think inviting enough to yield to its seductions. If there is one truth in the future which it needs no prophet to foretell and which the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot mistake, it is that any man in Massachusetts who yields an inch or bates a hair of the position she now occupies, in the presence of the threats of the South, will be disgraced and dishonored in her eyes and forever discharged from her service. And so we believe it will be as to all the other free States which have ever undertaken to perform the very first duty of Civil Government—the protection of the weakest members of the Commonwealth. If, in the several States, or in Congress, there be any truckling on the part of men charged with the interests and the honor of the North, before the menaces of the South, woe be unto the men who consent to the dishonor of the mother States that bore them! And, not merely the men, but the party that shall consent to the disgrace of the Section, and the denial of the principles, that raised them to power, will perish like Jonah's gourd before the hot indignation of the people. The leaders of the Republican party are under great temptation to abase themselves in the hope of a quiet reign for Abraham Lincoln and a peaceable enjoyment of the paradise of office for themselves; but they may be assured that they are in much more danger of political ruin through the disruption of their party than through the disruption of the Union.

And before leaving this subject we think it no more than right by all parties, to correct an error which obtains extensively as to the quality of the men who called the Boston Meeting of the 3d of December. *The Tribune* in its editorial comments on the affair, and even its Own Correspondent in his excellent narrative of its details, speaks of them as "the Garrisonians," or the "Garrisonian party." Nothing can be less justly descriptive of those excellent persons than such a characterization. We rather think that they would be much more justly described as "the Republicans," or the "Republican party," as we incline to believe that every man especially interested in that meeting voted for Abraham Lincoln. We do not think that there was a Garrisonian, meaning thereby an Abolitionist of the stamp of the American Anti-Slavery Society, among them. They are always careful to distinguish themselves from us when they come into our meetings, as we are to make clear the specific differences which separate us from them when we go into their assembly. They believe Insurrection to be the chief means by which Abolition is to be brought about. We do not. We hold that black men have the same natural right that white men have to rise and vindicate their liberties by force of arms whenever there is a rational chance of success. We do not think it wise or humane, either towards the slaves or the masters, to stimulate and incite insurrectionary movements. We believe that the application of truth to the minds of the people of the free States, and, as far as possible, to those of the slave States, to which we owe the present hopeful condition of affairs, is still the true method of preparing the way for the peaceful deliverance of the slaves. We are ready to discuss these differences of method in our meetings or in theirs; but we think the gravity of those differences should be remembered by all who recount this passage of our history.

POWER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

THE enemies of Abolitionism have long affected to regard it and its supporters with contempt, but they at last see their mistake and begin to recognize its mighty influence in public affairs. Bennett's *Herald*, for example, thus acknowledges the power of the Anti-Slavery Movement:

"The chief sources from which all the trouble in the South flows are the radical abolition societies, some fifteen or twenty in number, in the Eastern and Middle States. These societies send emissaries to stir up the slaves to insurrection; they originate abolition literature, support abolition journals, and carry abolition doctrines into the Churches and Sabbath schools. Until these societies shall have passed out of existence there will be no such thing as peace for the country. They are pestiferous agents and contrivers of treason, rapine, and servile insurrection."

That ever-watchful ally of slavery, *The Journal of Commerce*, confesses the power of abolitionism in these instructive words:

"The movement which has culminated in the election of Lincoln began more than thirty years ago, and has been urged forward ever since, with a perseverance and zeal worthy of a better cause. Abolition societies, abolition lecturers, and abolition newspapers, were among the earliest demonstrations of the crusade; and by argument, denunciation, and all the other arts of agitation, they gradually succeeded in working themselves into the pulpit, into Churches, and into Sabbath schools, until, after twenty or more years, they became an object of interest to politicians; and especially to the Whigs, who were in a minority in most of the States, but perceived that with this addition they would be able to command a majority. Accordingly they changed their name to Republicans, modified their creed so as to satisfy the Abolitionists, and thenceforth set themselves up as a party able to cope with the Democracy. The ultimate success of a movement so perseveringly prosecuted, was inevitable."

The Journal adds: "If ever it [abolitionism] is to be counteracted, it must be by a similar process. Let an equal amount of effort be expended in opposing it, and our opinion is that it would be driven back to its lair." This it says by way of introduction to a correspondent who "presents the idea in a tangible shape," and whose "cure for the evil" it earnestly recommends. The correspondent, after asserting that "the cause of the present sectional antagonism is not to be found in the existence of slavery itself, nor in any natural and necessary conflict between it and a different system of society," (!!) but that "it has originated and reached its present most unhappy aggravation in the persistent and systematic agitation of the slavery question"—"an agitation mainly to be attributed to the Abolition Societies of the North"—proceeds to tell us how the influence of these societies may be effectually nullified. Let us look at his plan:

"The suppression, by law or in any other way, of abolition societies, is impossible. It remains only, then, to nullify their influence, and render them inoperative, and this can only be done by a reactionary movement as general and thorough as that of the original agitation. Counter-association, in my matured and earnest conviction, is the only mode in which abolitionism can be met with any prospect of success. As it is not by weight of argument so much as by the superior method of its enforcement, that the anti-slavery agitators have been enabled to control public opinion, it is the dictate of common sense that adequate reaction against their agitation can only be predicated upon the employment of equal means of influencing the public mind. Association confers much the same advantage in the warfare of ideas that military organization does in physical contests; and all that is necessary at the present time, is for the opponents of Abolition and Disunion to be placed upon an equal footing in this respect with the apostles of these heresies, and the battle of conservatism is already half won."

"Let, then, the conservative association of 1850 be revived without delay, and extended to every part of the Union. As, however, the original name has been appropriated by a political party, and as it is important that the movement should be wholly disconnected from politics to render it effective, I would suggest that of Washington Societies, or associations, as equally popular and suggestive. Let these societies be devoted to the discussion and promulgation of the opposite theories to those of the Abolitionists and Secessionists; or, in other words, to the disabuse of the public mind of the teachings of the apostles of these political and social heresies, by the dissemination of tracts and other publications, and by the employment of lecturers to traverse the country and harangue the people after the manner of the fanatics and traitors themselves; and I venture to predict that the contest will be equally brief and decisive. But to insure the requisite permanence of this counteractive movement, and that it may not be prematurely abandoned, as was that of 1850, it is absolutely necessary that a fund sufficient to defray its present and future expenses—say from $100,000 to $500,000—should be raised at this time of general apprehension and alarm, to be entrusted to a national organization composed of men whose characters will be a guaranty of its judicious and faithful disbursement; and to this fund let all Union-loving and patriotic citizens, North and South, contribute. If the property holders and business men of the United States are not prepared to give practical effect to such a movement, they might as well set their houses in order and resign the future of this Republic to the Abolitionists and Secessionists, who, by their effective organizations, have now got the upper hand in both sections.

It is a grave mistake of Southern political leaders to suppose that secession is the remedy for the grievance of which they complain, and that they have only to go out of the Union to escape from the presence and power of the anti-slavery agitation. Abolitionism, victorious in France, in Great Britain, in Spanish America and throughout the North, will not halt in its triumphal march upon the South, from any regard to consequences, or through any fear of violent resistance. Such is not the lesson which its history teaches. If true to its instincts, after having accomplished a favorite object—the dissolution of the Union—it would transfer the theatre of its activity to the Southern confederacy; and, already numbering its open and secret adherents in many of the slaveholding States, it would not rest till it had inaugurated a social and servile revolution in the very heart of the South."

When the Abolitionists began their labors, thirty years ago, the almost universal cry at the North was, "Your object is good, and we approve it highly, but your measures are not adapted to effect that object." We venture to say that in the files of *The Journal of Commerce* of that day this idea may be found a hundred times reiterated. But now that paper acknowledges that the measures of the Abolitionists were exactly adapted to undermine the foundations of slavery, that they have been successful to a very remarkable extent, and that the friends of slavery must employ these same measures if they would save their system from destruction!

Solomon exclaimed, "O that mine enemy would write a book!" We say, O that the enemies of Abolitionism would organize themselves exactly as the writer in *The Journal of Commerce* proposes! We should hail such a movement on their part with downright exultation. We have taken brickbats and rotten eggs at their hands with such patience as we could command; we have encountered for years their abuse and scorn; if they are now ready to meet us before the people in argument, we shall take it as a sign that the final triumph of our cause is nigh at hand.

PASTORAL LETTER.

DR. CHEEVER TO HIS CHURCH AND CONGREGATION.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 13, 1860.

TO MY DEARLY-BELOVED PEOPLE: The perusal to-day of the letter from the Wesleyan Conference to my dear Church has filled my heart with gratitude for such encouragement and sympathy, and for the ministration of such motives to continued firmness and faithfulness in the cause of our Redeemer. I am sure I ought confidently to trust in God's grace for you all, that, having brought you thus far unshaken through so great a fight of afflictions, so long continued a trial of your faith and love, he will not now leave you to faint in the day of adversity, though he may keep you still longer in the crucible. I doubt not it is for a glorious purpose, which we shall know by and bye, with exceeding great joy, when we see it accomplished, and shall thank God for every step, every method, in the discipline of trial through which he has brought us. Of the particular position we have been led by Divine Providence and grace to occupy, in the great battle for righteousness, justice and freedom, going on in our country, and of the painful and perilous consequences in the Church, we may say with Peter, Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which hath tried you, as though some strange thing happened unto you. It is an inevitable result and proof of your faithfulness.

Certainly, the agitations and conflicts to which you have been subjected were not of your choice, and I do not see how even superhuman wisdom would have enabled you to avoid them, seeing what materials of interest, passion, pride and power you have had to contend against, in maintaining the constant application of God's Word against the iniquity of slavery. There could not be a Church in the United States, no matter how wise or pious, or how full of gentleness or peace, that could have resolutely and persistently sustained such an application, without having to pass through such a conflict. It is a gauntlet that every man and every Church must run, that shall take up in earnest the cause of the enslaved, and in God's name demand their freedom. For a single Church to be an earnest and persevering abolition Church is no child's play. I venture to say there is not such a Church in existence, but has had a battle to fight within itself; not always so severe and protracted a struggle as ours, but still a painful struggle. The mere profession of anti-slavery principle costs no conflict; on the contrary, it is quite popular; but the profession of genuine Christian abolitionism, the persevering pursuit of its object, the proclamation of God's truth requiring it, and the determination, trusting in God, to continue these efforts *till the slaves are set free*, and with the intention of effecting that result—all this is a very different thing, a line of conduct that cannot be pursued without strife, without exciting hatred and wrath, and evoking the bitterest opposition. No Church could avoid these consequences, not even by the greatest wisdom and gentleness, making the abolition of slavery its avowed and determined purpose, and in God's name adopting and pursuing the measures necessary to that end.

Now, I thank God I can bear witness for my beloved Church, that their object has not been merely an anti-slavery reputation for themselves or their denomination, nor the mere proclamation of so-called anti-slavery principles in a popular way, nor even the freedom of the pulpit merely (to which few men are so foolish as to proclaim themselves opposed), but the abolition of slavery where it now exists, the deliverance of the enslaved, and an immediate obedience to God on the part of the Churches and the ministry in demanding and laboring for such abolition and such a deliverance. Freedom, not merely of thought and speech for themselves and the pulpit, but of soul and body for the slaves, has been their purpose, and they have sustained the persistent demand for that, and the reprobation of the sin of slaveholding, in the name of God, and hence the bitterness of the conflict they have had to endure.

Now may the Lord in tender mercy cause all this to turn to your salvation, and the supply of the spirit of Jesus Christ; and in whatever degree your trials in Christ have abounded, may your consolation in Christ abound also. This you are sure will be the case when the conflict is ended, and the trial of your faith will be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. And, meantime, you have only to stand fast in Christ in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel, and in nothing terrified by your adversaries. For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. Now, this is the greatest of all privileges, whatever we might think of it beforehand, and it being given to you and put upon you, I would implore you to receive it, and walk worthy of it, and suffer neither man nor Satan to take from you this crown. If there is any truth in Christ's last sermon upon earth, you are fulfilling his will and laboring for him, in laboring for the freedom of the enslaved; and in this work of love God will be better pleased even with your mistakes than with the conservative wisdom and prudence of those who oppose and denounce you.

I long to be with you again, beloved brethren and dear friends; and the perusal of letters from you, filled with kind expressions of affection and prayer, have made us quite impatient of delay, and very sad in the prospect of any longer absence. Nevertheless, we hope the unexpected detention will be for your good as well as ours, and that, when I come to you again, it will be more than ever in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. We are comforted in the assurance of your earnest prayers for us, and the certainty that God hears them. May he bestow upon you and upon us more and more of that baptism of divine grace which we so greatly need. I see more clearly than ever the difficulties with which you are surrounded, and how much forbearance and brotherly kindness are requisite, as well as patience under provocations. May our gracious Lord give you the strength and wisdom requisite for the continuance of this conflict, and equal to your day. We need to ponder and obey Ephesians vi. 10–20, and Romans viii. 15–18. Precious passages! Indeed, every word of God is precious, unspeakably so, when, in a time of trial, the Divine Spirit ministers it to the soul. Dear brethren, may you all have daily a deeper and more animating experience of it!

The Lord lead you all into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ. The Lord keep you from faltering in the presence of the deadly sin that despotizes over our country. There is great sympathy felt for you here. Your position is well understood, and men pray that your firmness and ardor may be unabated. I am sure that God, in his good Providence, is making your conflict, and the very misrepresentations of your adversaries in regard to it, the means of arousing the public mind anew to the great cruelty and wickedness of slavery. The battle in America is for our life. Either the Church in America must abolish slavery, or slavery will abolish the Church, as to all freedom and piety; and what is a Church without freedom and piety but a synagogue of Satan?

Now, dear friends, may God keep and guide you, and bless the ministrations of his servant appointed to lead you in the absence of your pastor. I have great confidence in his experience and zeal, tried as he has been in the same school of discipline with yourselves. Only sustain him by your prayers, and you will find the Word of God by him effectual for your sanctification, being attended by the Divine Spirit. The Lord bless you all unto life everlasting, is the constant prayer of

Your affectionate Pastor, GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

THE DEMANDS OF THE HOUR.*

THE demands of the hour must always be distinguished from the great means used for removing impediments from the action of the ever-during laws of life.

Let us, then, distinguish.

When a great moral conflict is in progress, such as for the last thirty years has agitated the United States for the redemption of a race and the freedom of a land, many temporary expedients must, from time to time, be resorted to, whether to ameliorate the sufferings of individuals, or provide for the exigencies of outraged bodies of men; and these expedients will differ with the strengthening heart and improving intellect of the people.

Sometimes the humane and the free have been obliged to hide and speed the fugitive slave to Canada or Haïti, when they would gladly have bidden him to dwell in the gate where it liked him best. But their sense of what was due to *him* forbade the trying of doubtful experiments with his safety. They must first conquer the prejudice that denied his rights. The sense of honor forbids to make use of others against what we know their will would be, did they possess our knowledge.

But a true Anti-Slavry Society, worthy to prompt and regulate national expression, and become the centre of national association, should never be planted on grounds so temporary as "Underground Railroads," Vigilance Committees, separate colored Church and educational organizations, schemes of colonization or emigration, plans for colored kingdomsor white political parties.

Planted where it ought to be, on the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption, in the purpose of destroying error by truth and prejudice by love, the elevation of a true standard insures and informs all those temporary movements for the supply of a temporary need, and will not fail to abolish slavery, which creates the need of them, by repentance and reformation.

The members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society ever study, in the prosecution of their great work, to distinguish cause from effect, everlasting law from temporary interruption; and, in the light of this distinction, wisely to expend their strength in educating the intellect and enlarging the heart of the nation. The rest will follow of course.

The object of the American Anti-Slavery Society is to free the enslaved *here*, and to make of this land the very garden of God to its *every* inhabitant—as, but for slavery and prejudice, it might be. It has always opposed that tool of the slaveholders—the Colonization Society, which wickedly strives to perpetuate slavery by the expulsion of the free men of color, and, to effect the outrage, exalts prejudice against color into an ordination of Providence. Neither has the American Anti-Slavery Society ever felt an impulse to initiate any emigration movement.

It does, however, discriminate between movements initiated by others. Emigration to the British West Indies it has never opposed; emigration to parts of the African coast—under English protection, which cannot be turned into slave-trading conveniences—it has no motive to try to prevent; in emigration to Haïti (the St. Domingo of the palmy days of European slavery) the exile has ever received of the American Anti-Slavery Society its blessing, with its regret, as he departed.

There has been much conscientious study of the ground. During the anti-slavery struggle several deeply thoughtful and observant members of the Society have been sent to visit the island, who have returned rejoicing in its beauty and its freedom, and the many advantages it possesses as an asylum for the oppressed. There has never been an Haïtien administration since the island became a republic, which has not been true to its engagements with emigrants.

While labor remains wealth, and population the strength of nationality and the means and proof of material prosperity, the emigrant will possess in that free and scantily peopled country a sure guaranty that that the government will keep its promises, and do its utmost to content him, that his report may draw others after him. And when slavery is abolished, the far West of our own land will afford him precisely the same guaranty, and he can there select his homestead or sell his labor at will, till he becomes himself a capitalist, able to buy labor, as every industrious freeman, of whatever color, may then do in his turn.

Once again let us distinguish. Emigrants born at the far South—slaves preferring exile with liberty—persons speaking French and Spanish—free persons compelled to sudden flight to escape new laws of enslavement—any of the slaves of the Union, while it lasts, especially if agriculturists—will not be likely to regret their expatriation, or blame for unforseen evils any agent of emigration, seeing that no evil can approach slavery in bitterness.

But, trained by long companionship in the American Anti-Slavery Society to sympathy and labor with the people of color of these States—united to them by ties of friendship and fraternity in suffering ("in bonds as bound with them"), the white members may not be thought qualified to give an impartial judgment as to the expediency of emigration. It is better, therefore, to present the testimony of the remnant of that emigration which left the free States for Haïti under the auspices of Jonathan Goodhue, Esq., and Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Wainwright, of New York. Not less than 8,000 in all, if our memory serves, left the North for Haïti, previous to the inception of the anti-slavery enterprise, and the testimony of numbers of the survivors was taken in 1841–2 by members of the Executive Committee. The island is not *essentially* changed since that time, nor can it be so, while prejudice against his race compels the Haïtien to cut off the sources of improvement from without.

The testimony of the remnant survivors in 1842 was uniform.

"Government has kept its word with us. The island is as beautiful and the soil as fertile as we were told. A man *can* get five crops in a year out of it; but then he must *plant* five crops. The island *is* healthy, except among the shipping that breathes the city drainage. But we have seen our people die off like flies, of nothing but disappointment and broken hearts. We could not speak a word of the languages, not even to say "*oui*"; but our children grew up French and Spanish, and went off into the interior of the island with their *z'amis*, and *took up* with them after the fashion of the island, and you may judge what chance they had for knowledge or religion; for though there are schools in the cities, and here and there a church—a good many for a *new* people—they mayn't be where *your* land is, and government offers of buildings and professors don't seem to draw the moneyed men to take hold. Nothing seemed right to us, or as we expected; but that is our *own* fault, for we had no right to expect anything but what we found. But what we want you to tell our people is this: if it were to do over again, we would not do it."

These, it should be remembered, were all free colored people from the Northern States. Perhaps they fairly represent the mass of such who, at any time, seek to better their condition by changing the ills they are familiar with for those they know not of.

In cases where the alternative is slavery or exile—where despair has mastered hope and life has become intolerably bitter with hate and bondage and hope deferred, a man may choose expatriation without risk of repenting his choice, and an agent of emigration may forward his departure without fear of receiving his dying curse.

For all, in fine, in present peril at the South and in terror at the North, until the Fugitive Slave law is blotted out by Personal Liberty laws, or repealed by secession of some slave State, or annulled by that PROHIBITION OF RENDITION written in the depths of every Northern heart, a door now opens through the Haïtien Government Bureau of Emigration in Boston, the agent of which, JAMES REDPATH, Esq., is prepared to afford persons desirous to emigrate all the advice and assistance required.

This gentleman has prepared a Guide to Haïti, containing all his *pièces justificatives*, with much requisite information, grouped together under the heads of history, geography, animal, vegetable and mineral resources, soil, climate, seasons, temperature, constitution of government, vacant lands, laws on emigration, notes on the character, origin, language, industry, population, religion, navigation and commerce; notes on the territorial divisions, revenue, debt, army and navy, laws, currency, weights and measures, rights of whites, sea-ports, diseases and remedies; with directions how to go and what to take to Haïti.

Mr. Redpath is known as a man of great industry, energy and powers of observation; though his earnest "parting word to the blacks and men of color of the United States" does not exhibit a too high standard of moral action or a too great depth of thought. Indeed, he accounts both to be rather defects than qualifications, as he sees them in the foundations of the anti-slavery enterprise. Yet every Abolitionist must warmly share in his contempt for Northern meanness, his warmth of feeling for the oppressed, his condemnation of the oppressor, and his ardent desire to see Haïti become a power among the nations.

His "parting word" is as follows:

"*To the Blacks and Men of Color in America.*

"In the preceding pages you have been enabled to see—'as in a glass, darkly'—the history of your race in its sole American possession; how rich in every kind of natural wealth that terrestrial paradise is; the character of its people, the nature of its government, and, by the official papers appended to the Constitution, the disposition of its present Administration.

"The voice of history is the voice of God.

"Do we not hear it in the existing Black Code of America, and in the acts of the government of Hayti? Is not the same command of the Still Small Voice, once given to the Chosen Nation, ages before the Christ was born, again thus repeated to his persecuted children in the States—COME OUT OF HER, MY PEOPLE?

"There is a profound significance in the fact of the diversity of races, far deeper than many of our sages know. It was for a wise and grand purpose that the European and the African have, for a time, become different in destiny and in physical capacity; and it belongs to the same blind and false philosophy that disputes about the relative superiority of the sexes, to inquire whether the black man or the white is the more capable of a glorious future. Their missions in the world are different; and, until these are fulfilled, their identity must be preserved.

"Has the black accomplished his destiny in America?

"I think that in North America he has; for he is threatened with extinction there. His future is—*annihilation*. There is no other possible result, whether slavery or freedom shall prevail. Ten men against one—the contest is decided. Whether at the end of two or of ten generations, the solution of the problem is still—*annihilation*. Too strong to perish beneath the white man's lash, the black race here will disappear in his arms. Even the pride of giving birth to a new race will be denied to him; for the disproportion, daily becoming greater, between the blacks and the whites, gives the future also to the ruler of to-day.

"To preserve the African race in America, emigration from it is the first condition. Everything conspires to promote it. Pride of race, self-respect, social ambition, parental love, the madness of the South, the meanness of the North, the inhumanity of the Union, and the inclemency of Canada, all say to the black and the man of color, Seek elsewhere a home and a nationality.

"I have spoken of the motives arising from a pride of race, but is it necessary to show you why self-respect, also, repeats and enforces the same advice? When even the Churches of the "Founder of Democracy" are closed against you—and solely because of your race—why allude to the heathenism which displays itself in your exclusion from the theatres, the omnibuses, and the parlors of the country? I have often heard it said, that with time this prejudice will disappear. *Perhaps*, but not unless, by an insurrection, successfully conducted, the millions now enslaved exhibit their equality, in courage and in arms, with their masters. The Saxon race is a race of fighters—its real religion is an evangel of pluck; to men, long-suffering, slow to anger, who return a kiss for a blow, patient and enduring to the end, it exhibits no compassion. Have not the slaves, for two centuries, exhibited these Christian qualities? No man denies it. And yet, what is the opinion that these traits have created in the hearts of the majority of the nation? Two words give it: "*Damned niggers.*" Is there anything yet that points to the result that our prophets predict? Have you not already produced eminent men—able writers, physicians, and orators? And yet, what has their genius hitherto availed them? I once heard of a distinguished lecturer, who, refused a seat in a first-class car, paid his passage as freight, and was charged by his weight. It was told as a good joke. I think there are two centuries between such jests and equality; and, in the meantime, you will have disappeared from the earth! It is sometimes said that you should remain and fight the battle here—force a recognition by your genius, industry, character, wealth; teach America to see, in other words, that in you it possesses an invaluable strength. Morality so exalted is surely to be admired; but a lower standard, I take it, will do well enough for this world. What are the Americans to you, that you should thus continue to heap benefits on them? You have faithfully served them for nearly two centuries—denying them nothing, charging them nothing; neither the fruits of your labors nor the fruits of your loins have you withheld; and you have asked in return only enough to eat and the coarsest attire. It is time, now, that you should help yourselves.

"There is yet another thing to be considered, that is seldom thought of in urging such a contest—the casualties of warfare: that where one conquers, ten fall; where one asserts, nine submit; that the voice of prejudice is far oftener the death-knell than the bugle-note of manhood.

"Parental love! The schools of New England and other States are open to your children, and they can now receive the advantages of a liberal education. And then? Rendered sensitive by this culture, what prospect is opened to them? A long, petty war with mean men, a fruitless assault on the citadel of place, political and social. Even lions lose their strength in fighting mosquitoes, and such is the warfare to which your children are destined. It is a noble spectacle to see the fight that some brave men among you maintain against the prejudices of Americans, but

"'In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few,'

are all your efforts, in behalf of your native land; you are trying to drive back an ocean, which, by its mere physical superiority, will throw up the bodies of your children, after a generation or two, pale and unrecognizable, on its Saxon shores!

"In Hayti, a far different future is opened to the colored race. There, it can develop itself in freedom; there, exhibit its capacity and genius. Nowhere else is there such an opportunity presented—absolutely nowhere in the world.* In Africa, the various races are still separate and hostile; in Hayti, they are all represented and united. The black Haytien, therefore, is the result of the mingling of all of the African bloods; and in him, as is the case with other families of men, this union has produced the best specimen of the race. The men of color there, also, in point of intelligence, ask no favors in any comparison between themselves and their ancestors.

"But still another element is needed in Hayti—the Saxon character, which the men of African descent, to a greater or less extent, in the United States and the Canadas, possess.

"She invites this element to come to her. She offers you a home, a nationality, a future. She presents to you the opportunity of not only exhibiting the capacity of your race, but of creating a new Eden in the most fertile of the Antilles; and, at the same time, of checking the Slave Labor System of the South at its source—in the markets that support it. Would you fight Virginia with a weapon that she will fear as much as she dreaded the rifles of John Brown? Grow tobacco in Hayti, then, and fight her with it on the Liverpool Exchange. Would you retaliate on the Carolinas the punishment that they have often inflicted on your friends? The way is open. Tar and cotton them in England. Hayti will enable you to do it by producing both staples, and hemp enough to boot to hang every friend of slavery in Missouri and Kentucky. Hayti, which could produce sugar enough to drive Louisiana out of every market in the world; which could raise cotton enough every year to corrupt the morals of a hundred generations of American politicians; which could raise rice enough to bury Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah out of sight; which, if properly and scientifically cultivated, could raise coffee enough to supply all the wants of Christendom—Hayti, the home of the black race, the only country in which it has successfully competed in arms against the slavery to which Europe condemned, and in which America has held it, invites you, common children of her ancient Motherland, to become a part of her household, and share, equally with her own sons, the destiny which the Almighty Overruler has marked out from the beginning for her and for you!

"May your answer be inspired by wisdom and a spirit of religious consecration!

"For myself, firmly believing this work—which, dual in its nature, seeks at once the regeneration of one of the most beautiful islands of our globe, and the elevation and perpetuity, or, rather, the creation of a coming race, adapted to it and worthy of it—to be one of the most noble and holy enterprises to which any man of our age can be called on to devote his energies and his talents, I accepted the trust confided to me by the government of Hayti, with a feeling of gratitude to Heaven, which, I trust, will bless with its favor this project for extending civilization and a true religion, and establishing justice in the Western World."

"The voice of history?" But *history* has not yet spoken her last word, and it is the function of the American Anti-Slavery Society to make her last words better than her first. It forms, however, no part of that function to preserve the identity, to cherish the exclusiveness, or to stimulate the insurrectionary spirit of any race whatever. All that is *ancient* history. The twentieth century in America demands different treatment of excess and deficiency in human beings; and walking in the light of its dawning, we feel and see that the military method would here be an anachronism.

And while respecting Mr. Redpath's freedom to differ from them, while honoring his consistency, sympathizing with his undaunted spirit and appreciating his practical ability, the American Anti-Slavery Society will, at the same time, wish he thought less of ethnology and more of Human Brotherhood, and could more fully appreciate the spirit and character of the Haïtian Hero-Statesman, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, as delineated from historical researches by the rare eloquence of WENDELL PHILLIPS.

* Guide to Hayti. Edited by JAMES REDPATH. Thayer & Eldridge, Boston.

* Liberia, if a success, will be the white man's victory, for he called it into being, and has fostered it from its birth.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10, 1860.

WHAT are the chances that a compromise measure will pass the present Congress? This is the question every Northerner asks who now arrives here; and it is the earnest interrogation of every letter which comes by mail from every section of the North and West. Watchman, what of the night? The appointment of a committee by the House of Representatives to consider so much of the President's Message as refers to "the perilous condition of the country," has been supposed by many to indicate a disposition on the part of the representatives to compromise away justice and truth to appease the South and save the Union. This is true enough so far as the Southern men and the Northern Democrats are concerned, and not a few People's party men from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and possibly here and there a Republican from other States may also be set down in the same category. But a vote for the committee was not necessarily a vote for compromise. Some of the fiercest opponents to concession of any kind voted for the resolution of Mr. Boteler. Adams, of Massachusetts, led the affirmative vote. The idea of such men was, that nothing could be lost by discussion and conference, and that the agitation of the whole question in committee and the publication of its different reports before the country might do much good.

The committee stands as follows:

Corwin, of Ohio, Ch'n,	Dunn, of Ind.,
Millson, of Virginia,	Taylor, of La.,
Adams, of Mass.,	Davis, of Miss.,
Winslow, of N. C.,	Kellogg, of Ill.,
Humphrey, of N. Y.,	Houston, of Ala.,
Boyce, of S. C.,	Morse, of Maine,
Campbell, of Pa.,	Phelps, of Mo.,
Love, of Geo.,	Rust, of Arkansas,
Ferry, of Conn.,	Howard, of Mich.,
Davis, of Md.,	Hawkins, of Florida,
Robinson, of R. I.,	Hamilton, of Texas,
Whitely, of Del.,	Washburn, of Wis.,
Tappan, of N. H.,	Curtis, of Iowa.
Stratton, of N. J.,	Burch, of Cal.,
Bristow, of Ky.,	Windom, of Minnesota,
Morrill, of Vermont,	Stout, of Oregon.
Nelson, of Tenn.,	

Of this committee, from the free States there are nine members who will compromise *nothing*. From the slave States there are five members who are bitterly anti-compromise, making fourteen out of the thirty-three who will not listen to any terms of a compromise measure. Of the nineteen remaining members, it is generally known that they differ very widely as to the concessions to be made. The Northern compromising members generally refuse to entertain any

tions. This is, in fact, the hope of the North, at this juncture—the impossibility of satisfying the South. In the caucus it is understood that Mr. Douglas clung to his doctrine of non-intervention as the only solution of our present difficulties. Of course, Slidell, Jeff. Davis, and the other Southern Senators laughed at this proposition. They have beaten Douglas in Convention and before the people—by foul means, to be sure, but the result is the same—and they are not going to permit the Illinois Senator to run off with the honors of a Grand Pacificator, or allow his "gre-eat pre-einciple" to be the salvation of the Union at this time. The Southern Democrats are solemnly committed to a slave code; the Douglas men to non-intervention; and the Republicans to non-extension. Now, how is a compromise to be made between these parties without humiliating somebody? and you know well enough *who* will get into the dirt—if anybody does. It will be the representatives from the free States. The slave State representatives never abase themselves to save the Union; and the fact that they are known to stand firm by their principles gives them a tremendous advantage in any such crisis in national affairs as the present.

I notice in the Baltimore *Sun* of this morning, that Southern Congressmen "express the hope that but few of the slave States will secede, and that even those which do will come back *upon the adoption of a new compromise*." There lurks the danger for the future. The cotton States go out expecting to make better terms with the North than they could do in the Union. How true it is that we live in perilous times! One false step now on the part of the non-slaveholding States, and the cause of human freedom is rolled back half a century. Cowardice now, and political slavery for two generations will follow as God's just punishment for our sins. AVON.

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, Nov. 20, 1860.

THE intelligence of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidential chair of the United States reached Queenstown, Ireland, at forty-five minutes past 7, p.m., on Sunday, Nov. 18th, and was communicated by electric express to all the leading journals in the United Kingdom. On Monday morning, therefore, the great fact of the triumph of the Republican party over the hosts of Bell, Douglas and Breckenridge, was universally known to Her Majesty's leiges, and, I have no doubt, gave the highest satisfaction to the vast majority of the British public. Every evening paper of yesterday, and every morning paper of to-day, has an article on the subject; and, with two exceptions, our twelve daily journals have spoken in terms of congratulation on the event. The exceptions are *The Times* and *The Morning Chronicle*. The former thinks that, so far as English affairs are concerned, the change of Presidents is in no way for the better, and regards the accession to power of Mr. Lincoln without any very strong feeling of triumph. "We surmise," says the writer, "that the disgraceful traffic in slaves will be kept under with a vigorous hand—that the Supreme Court of the United States will be restored, if not to impartiality, to something more like a balance of opinion, by the appointment of eminent Republican lawyers, and we may expect to find in the administration of the Territories a spirit which will render the repetition of scenes like those of Kansas impossible." With regard to disunion, it thinks that, "When the cooler heads of the South begin to consider how imaginary is the injury they have sustained, how vast are the interests involved, how heavy would be the cost, how considerable the danger, of disunion, and how impossible it would be for the Southern States to maintain, in the face of the world, the strong position which they now hold as members of the great American Confederacy, we suspect that the South will think better of it, and turn its activity into the more practical channel of providing Mr. Lincoln with a Democratic successor in 1864." *The Chronicle* is equally sceptical on the subject of disruption, and dismisses, as unworthy of serious attention, "the exaggerations of Northern demagogues and Southern alarmists." "A few fanatics at the North have expressed sympathy with John Brown, and speak flippantly of the servile war that would have ensued from even his temporary success. Others, more prominent men of the Republican party, speak vaguely of slavery being *doomed*, and seem to anticipate that the slaveholders will be coerced into surrender, by the gradual closing around them of the free States. These, however, are but the *wicked or wanton dreams* of men who know nothing of the South, and still less of the Constitution of the United States." In my next I will analyze the opinions of the London press, and send you the result, which will serve as a guide to the position occupied by British journals in reference to the political aspects of the great question.

Dr. Cheever is still in Scotland, and by his sermons in the pulpit, his speeches on the platform, his addresses to committees, and his continual conversations in private circles, is greatly aiding in the promotion of sound anti-slavery views and principles, as applicable, especially, to the relations of the question in the United States. On Friday, the 16th of November, he addressed the members of the Ladies' Emancipation Society of Edinburgh, at the Religious Institution Rooms in that city. The place of meeting was crowded to excess by a deeply interested audience. An address of welcome and sympathy was presented to Dr. Cheever, who, in his reply, as reported in *The Caledonian Mercury* of the 17th, "paid a very noble tribute to Mr. Garrison, with whom he had held many long and earnest conversations. He could testify to his being anything but an infidel; on the contrary, to his being a man who lived in the fear of God, and the love of Christ as his Savior—who led a pure and blameless life, and was an earnest and fearless friend of the slave. He (Dr. Cheever) had attended the last anniversary meeting of the New England Abolitionists, when he heard no sentiments but such as any Christian could have listened to with interest, and he felt that the doing so, and the sympathy it evinced, had been of great value, and would tend to cement the union of all who were earnest for the abolition of slavery." What will *The Independent* say to this?

THEIR TRUE POSITION.

NEAR the close of a letter to Dr. Bacon in *The Christian Intelligencer*, reviewing the late unsuccessful attempt to obtain a pronunciation from the American Board in regard to the American revival of the slave trade, there is found this paragraph:

"I should like to show how yourself and other brethren have been inevitably put into false positions by your hostility to leading Abolitionists, and to the underlying principle of Christian abolitionism, namely, that *all slavery*, as Dr. Symington, of Glasgow, has lately put it, *is sinful*—that slaveholding is sin in itself, a wrong and a crime, and ought, therefore, like every other sin, to be desisted from at once. There is always power in a wrong principle, or in an assumed attitude of antagonism to a right principle, to carry those who hold it further than they intended, and to keep them in positions which they would fain disavow; while, on the other hand, there is equal power in a right principle, held persistently, to elevate and advance to positions in morals and religion which once could not have been deemed attainable."

Now, we would like to ask the author of this letter (Rev. Henry T. Cheever), what is meant here by "false positions"? and whether Dr. Bacon and his associates have not been always in their own natural position of hostility to abolitionism? Their recent opposition before the American Board to a course, the like of which they have themselves seemed to advocate before the American Tract Society, only makes apparent to all men what we have called the deceptive ingenuity, not surpassed by anything in the annals of Jesuitry, with which they have always tried, partly by speech, and partly by evasive silence, to represent the Prudential Committee and the Board as guiltless in the matter of slavery.

It is not, therefore, a false position which Dr. Bacon and *The Independent* are now seen to be in toward abolitionism and Abolitionists; but it is the true position in which their ethics, as they are pleased to phrase it, put them and keep them, when they say, It is contrary to a principle of our ethics that slavery is *malum in se*. The principle of Garrison and of the American Anti-Slavery Society, from the beginning, has been that slaveholding is sin in itself, a wrong and a crime which men ought to quit at once. How can Dr. Bacon and his associates be said to be put into false positions, when they are merely seen, like a Scripture worthy, not here to be named, *to be going to their own place*?

The Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society needs a caution as to his apparent concession that the opponents of Christian abolitionism have been put, by the logic of events, into false positions. Those positions have been well earned by them, and they rightly belong to their occupants. They are *their true positions*. People may pity them for having gotten there, but who grudges them their places, or envies them the honor they bring? or who wants what one of your contemporary journals calls the harvest of popular disgust and contempt which they are preparing for themselves?

There is, ere long, to be an overwhelming reaction upon the cunning theological conservatists of the land, who have been playing the game of fast and loose so long, that now they hardly know where they are, or what to make of the *real* thunder and lightning that silence the unmeaning stage-play with which they have been deceiving the people and pleasing themselves. When the wave of reaction comes back in its might, then will the Pharaohs of conservatism, with all their hosts, be overthrown in the Red Sea. The ground-swell from the great heart of freedom may be nearer than many think.

DR. CHEEVER IN EDINBURGH.

J. BURN MURDOCH, Jr., of Edinburgh, writes to a friend in this city, under date of Nov. 25, 1860, as follows:

"Dr. CHEEVER has been welcomed here by the laymen and ministers of *all* Churches. He has already preached in Dr. Glover's, the leading, or one of the leading, Established Churches in Edinburgh; also in Dr. Candlish's (twice), and lastly in the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson's, United Presbyterian Church. The day after to-morrow he is to officiate in the Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander's, D.D. (Congregationalist), and in the evening to preach to the large congregation of Dr. Johnston. Two days ago (Wednesday evening), Dr. C. delivered a most brilliant and telling address in the great Assembly Hall here. I have scarcely ever heard the Anglo-Saxon tongue more effectively and beautifully used, and the audience were enchanted. A most unfortunate error (a piece of forgetfulness) caused the Hall not to be so well filled as it would have been. This was the omission of *any* advertisement on the morning of the address, or even on the morning of the day before! This, however, won't happen again. Dr. Guthrie's speech is not a quarter reported, but it was *most warmly* received by every one in the Hall, and I only wish certain American gentlemen could have heard the way he made them look like complete fools before the assembly. Just think of a man writing, too—as it is supposed Dr. Leyburn did—telling his countrymen that the folks here little cared to follow either Drs. Candlish or Guthrie!! Why, if there are any men in this country followed, it is they—and righteously so, too. Dr. C. is to deliver two lectures next week, and I am going to try to get some influential legal men to be present. You will observe that our highest dignitary presided at Dr. Cheever's late address."

From a brief letter addressed by Dr. Cheever himself to a friend we are permitted to glean a few words, as follows:

"I received *The Tribune* with accounts of the election, and Gov. Chase's speech, etc., etc. People seem to think that Lincoln's election secures the country against any further agitation of the slavery question! Peace and quiet seem to be the ultimatum even of Gov. Chase's demand. What a mistake! But they will very speedily find it out.

"You speak justly of the frantic efforts of our distinguished minority to frustrate the British Mission. You have no idea of the extent to which they have carried their work, or the cartloads of pamphlets and papers they have sent forth to forestall my visit and prejudice people against me. The packages of slander in regard to the slaveholder in our Church were forwarded to certain quarters in London, with indorsements by '*one Wood*.' So you see how the party work. Is it not an honorable employment for our ex-deacons? Satan, in the heart of our dry goods merchants, wandereth through dry places, seeking rest and finding none."

THE BRAINTREE AND WEYMOUTH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of the Weymouth and Braintree Anti-Slavery Society was held on the 8th of October. The Board of officers of last year was again chosen.

A report was read, adopted, and ordered to be printed in THE STANDARD and *The Liberator*, reviewing the past, taking action for the present, and resolving for the future, in a manner too thorough to be done in a very short compass. The Secretary was therefore subsequently excused from preparing it for the press, at a period when every column of the anti-slavery papers is unusually crowded; and the Treasurer's Report, embodied in it, was alone retained for publication, as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Received, from Sept. 26, 1859, to Sept. 26, 1860.

Balance from previous year	$8 46
Proceeds of Anti-Slavery Fair	232 00
Membership fees	5 00
Donations	1 25
Total receipts	$246 71

Expended in the same time.

To redeem pledge to Massachusetts A.-S. Society	25 00
Donation to the same	85 00
Donation to *The Liberator*	50 00
For 20 copies ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD	40 00
For 5 copies of *Liberator* and STANDARD for use of the Society	11 50
Paid Sewing Circle to buy materials for Fair and pay expenses of the same	29 75
Total expenditure	241 25
Balance in Treasury	5 46

SUSAN H. COWING, Treasurer.

At a meeting of the Board of officers, held Nov. 21, 1860, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the recent death of Miss MARY WESTON, one of the first members, and for many years Recording Secretary of this Society, we have sustained a loss deeply felt, and we fear not easily repaired. To her worth and faithful exertions in the cause of the oppressed, and to our affectionate remembrance of her many virtues, we offer this feeble testimony, to be inscribed in the records of this Society.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the respected family and to the absent friends of the deceased, as a token of our sympathy and regard.

Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in *The Liberator* and STANDARD. H. C. FIFIELD, President.

MARIA HUNT, Rec. Sec'y.

NO COMPROMISE.

BOSTON, November 19th, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN your issue of October 20th, your Philadelphia correspondent, writing of the election, says: "The chief cause of congratulation to the friends of freedom is the election of Wm. Morris Davis" as Congressional representative of the Fifth District. Your correspondent certainly publishes a truth when he declares that Mr. Davis "is not the man to represent * * * the anti-slavery life of his constituency," but when he adds that Mr. Davis is a "fast friend of freedom," I am inclined to test the statement by an appeal to facts. That you may better appreciate Mr. D.'s loyalty to the cause of liberty, I send you a report of a speech recently delivered by him in Philadelphia. In this speech he announces that the government, henceforth, is to be "administered in the spirit which gave birth to the Constitution, as set forth in the preamble"; he speaks of the "nation's redemption," of a future when the "Union shall embrace a continent of States, free, prosperous and happy"; and, finally, he announces his intention, on a "fitting occasion," to advocate, in connection with, or perhaps more properly in addition to, a protective tariff, a system of "remunerated labor."

These, I believe, are what may be termed the anti-slavery points of the speech. But how does Mr. Davis propose to hasten the "nation's redemption"? Does he tell us that henceforth the Constitution is to be construed in favor of liberty, as rigidly as heretofore it has been in favor of slavery; that, in future, the "irrepressible conflict" will be waged with renewed energy and fidelity; that now slavery is to be "crushed out," even as Caleb Cushing would have "crushed out" liberty; that as John Brown was murdered in the name of law, so also in her name shall the Slave Power be strangled? The member elect announces his policy and that of the incoming administration in language that gives little room for hope of such aggressive action; he points to the past history of his party, and, claiming he has proved it *non*-aggressive in its policy, declares that this record is a "fit foreshadowing of Lincoln's administration." Again, while timid men talk of appeasing Southern wrath with wicked promises and compromises, while the air is poisoned with the insults, threats, blasphemy and insane raving of slaveholders, this "fast friend of freedom," this prophet who sees in the future a continent of free States, volunteers to stand guard over the constitutional rights of slavery! Hear him: "With my knowledge or consent, neither Abraham Lincoln nor any of his supporters have any intention or will attempt to go outside of or beyond the Constitution in their opposition to slavery." In this hour of danger, in this day of quaking and trembling, compromising and halting, Liberty calls upon all her champions to stand by *her* interests, to fight *her* battles; a "fast friend of freedom" will rally to her call, will refuse aid and comfort to the enemy, letting him, as he may, guard his own outposts and strengthen his own defences.

R. P. H.

New Publications.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES for October (Leonard Scott & Co.'s reprint) are on our table. Glancing at their "contents," we lament that pressing duties leave us but limited time for careful reading.

In the *Edinburgh* we find the following articles: 1. Recent Geographical Researches; 2. Memoirs of the Master of Sinclair; 3. Max Maller's Ancient Sanscrit Literature; 4. Grotius and the Sources of International Law; 5. The Churches of the Holy Land; 6. The Grand Remonstrance; 7. Scottish Country Histories; 8. Brain Difficulties; 9. The United States under Mr. Buchanan. Each of these articles has claims peculiar to itself upon our attention, but as an American Abolitionist we turn first to the last, and as our eye glances rapidly from page to page, we are pleased to discover that the writer, though a foreigner, is one who has thoroughly studied the American people and their system of government, and who perfectly comprehends, in its every feature and aspect, the "irrepressible conflict" between the friends of freedom and the supporters of slavery. Judging from internal evidence alone, we think we cannot be mistaken in the conclusion that the writer of this article is our own English Correspondent, HARRIET MARTINEAU; and in writing it she has certainly done a service to the anti-slavery cause which entitles her to the gratitude of all its friends in this country and in Europe. It cannot fail to do great good in Great Britain by enlightening, quickening, and guiding the public opinion which is destined, we trust, to operate hereafter with constantly augmenting power against American slavery. The facts therein cited, the principles set forth, the conclusions reached, are those with which the readers of this journal are familiar, but the *Edinburgh Review* will bring them home to thousands who would never see them in an anti-slavery newspaper. If we had at command the necessary space, we would publish copious extracts. Here is a passage which will enable the leading statesman of New York to see himself as he is seen by the most enlightened friends of freedom in the old country:

"Mr. Seward, regarded as the ablest candidate for nomination for the Presidency, broke down under the difficulty of even addressing the nation he thought of governing. While speaking in the North, as at Rochester, he was clear, bold, animated and animating; but at Washington, with mere dislocation for his stand-point, he lost his footing, and presently after disappeared in the chasm which it must require the highest order of statesman to bridge over, supposing such an achievement possible. Now, he has recovered himself in virtue of being an advocate of another man, instead of himself a candidate. His recent speech at Detroit reminds us of the Seward of two years ago."

The *London Quarterly* contains eight papers, as follows: 1. The Brazilian Empire; 2. Deaconesses; 3. Public School Education; 4. Wills and Will-making, Ancient and Modern; 5. Eliot's Novels; 6. Arrest of the Five Members by Charles the First; 7. Iron-Sides and Wooden Walls; 8. Competitive Examinations. The article on Brazil is a complete outline of the history and present social, political and industrial condition of that Empire, which the writer says is "an almost solitary exception to the general political degradation of the South American continent—one country which the constitutional statesmen of Europe and the free people of England can regard with almost unqualified satisfaction." Of Brazilian slavery the writer says:

"The condition of slaves in Brazil is highly creditable to the country. Almost all agricultural and manufacturing industry had long been based on slavery and the slave trade. Doubtless, since the traffic with Africa has ceased, the selfish motive for taking care of the slave has increased with his commercial value. But in Brazil the elevation of the negro race is progressive. The facilities for the purchase of freedom are great, and, when emancipated, if he should possess the requisite qualification, there is scarcely an office in the State to which a liberated negro may not reasonably aspire. So too in private life, if an individual of African descent possesses merit he will command respect. By the Brazilian law, a slave can, at any time, appear before a magistrate, have his price fixed, and purchase his freedom; and many instances are related of pure Africans having advanced themselves to considerable social positions. They are often inspired by a generous ambition to distinguish themselves in literature and public life; and some of the most persevering students in the national library at Rio are mulattoes or blacks. The moral aspect of slavery as it still exists in Brazil is in striking contrast to that of the United States. In the one it is an admitted evil, to be got rid of as speedily as practicable; in the other it is an 'institution,' identified, in the opinion of a large party, with the interests and prosperity of the country. It is probable that before many generations have passed away slavery will cease to exist in Brazil; it exists now in a very mitigated form."

The *Westminster* offers us a most tempting banquet, as follows: 1. Neo-Christianity (a review of the recent volume of Rationalistic Theology by English Churchmen); 2. North American Indians; 3. Robert Owen; 4. The Organization of Italy; 5. The Antiquity of the Human Race; 6. Russia, Present and Future; 7. Our National Defences; 8. Thackeray as a Novelist and Photographer; 9. Contemporary Literature.

The *North British* contains ten articles, as follows: 1. Modern Thought, its Progress and Consummation; 2. The Disturbances in Syria; 3. Leigh Hunt; 4. The Spanish Republics of South America; 5. Province of Logic and Recent British Logicians; 6. Lord Macaulay's Place in English Literature; 7. American Humor; 8. Revivals; 9. The Martyrdom of Galileo; 10. The Sicilian Game. The larger portion of the article on "American Humor" will be found on the fourth page.

We invite special attention to the advertisement (on the fourth page) of Leonard Scott & Co., the American publishers of these Reviews. Readers will observe the cheapness of the American reprints as compared with the cost of the English editions—the price of the latter being $31, while that of the former is but $10. They will also notice the premiums offered for new subscribers and the very cheap rates at which the back volumes are offered. The Reviews, we hardly need say, are the channels through which flow the best thoughts of the ripest English scholars upon all the great topics of the age. No book or books can possibly be a substitute for them, while as guides to the best books, old as well as new, they are invaluable. The first of January is the best of all seasons to subscribe.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for December contains the following articles: 1. The United States and the Barbary States; 2. Sunshine; 3. The Two Tongues; 4. Midsummer and May; 5. Epithalamia; 6. Arthur Hallam; 7. The Confessions of a Medium; 8. John André and Honora Sneyd; 9. We shall Rise again; 10. The Professor's Story; 11. A Plea for Freedom from Speech and Figures of Speech-makers; 12. Reviews and Literary Notices.

The first of these articles presents an interesting and almost forgotten chapter of American history, embracing the events which led to the war with Tripoli. The story, impartially told, is less creditable to American diplomacy than the current boasts of Fourth-of-July orators would lead us to expect.—Art. 2d is a charming story, in the form of an autobiography, simple, natural, and at the same time highly artistic. The third article is a plea for "American Idioms," the "private, proletarian words that do the work," coming to us "from all handiworks and callings"—"sharp, energetic, incisive"—that "do the hard labor of speech, that of carrying heavy loads of thought and shaping new ideas"—that are "born under hedgerows and left as foundlings at furnace doors."—Art. 4th is a continuation of Miss Prescott's story, begun in the previous number. The "Epithalamia" is quite worthy of its place, which is saying more than we can conscientiously affirm of some of the rhymes that get printed in the *Atlantic*.—The sketch of "Arthur Hallam," the subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," has for us a touching interest.—"The Confessions of a Medium," if they are indeed the records of a real experience, should have been authenticated by the name of the writer. The man who is called to reveal such an experience has no right to wear a mask.—"The Professor's Story" hovers on the brink of a tragedy.—The writer of the "Plea for Freedom from Speech and Figures of Speech-makers" employs his powers of wit and sarcasm, not against the supporters of popular vice and wrong, but to bring fresh odium upon reformers, whose names are already "cast out as evil" by the ruling classes in Church and State. We are sorry, for his sake, to learn that this article was written by the author of the Biglow Papers. Surely he should have left this sort of work for the open enemies of the anti-slavery cause.

This number of the *Atlantic* closes the sixth volume. In the next volume we are promised, among other inviting things, new novels of Mrs. Stowe, Charles Reade, and the author of "Charles Auchester." The names of some of the other contributors to the work are the following: H. W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John G. Whittier, T. W. Higginson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

ADDRESS OF THE FREE CONSTITUTIONALISTS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. Pp. 54. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge.

The author of this pamphlet is understood to be Mr. LYSANDER SPOONER of Boston. On the back of the title-page we find this note: "A few friends of freedom, who believe the Constitution of the United States to be a sufficient warrant for giving liberty to all the people of the United States, make the following appeal against any support being given to the Republican party at the ensuing election. Boston, September, 1860." Mr. Spooner maintains the postulate, that it is the right and the duty of the National Government, according to the provisions of the Constitution, not merely to discountenance slavery, and prevent its extension to new Territories, but to abolish it in the States; and he charges the Republican party with the grossest hypocrisy in pretending to be in favor of freedom for the Territories, while agreeing to support it in the States. We give an extract:

"Of all these factions, the Republican is the most thoroughly senseless, baseless, aimless, inconsistent, and insincere. It has no constitutional principles to stand upon, and it lives up to no moral ones. It aims at nothing for freedom, and is sure to accomplish it. The other factions have at least the merits of frankness and consistency. They are openly on the side of slavery, and make no hypocritical grimaces at supporting it. The Republican, on the other hand, are double-faced, double-tongued, hypocritical, and inconsistent to the last degree. We speak now of their presses and public men. Duplicity and deceit seem to be regarded by them as their only available capital. This results from the fact that the faction consists of two wings, one favorable to liberty, the other to slavery; neither of them alone strong enough for success; and neither of them honest enough to submit to present defeat for their principles. How to keep these two wings together until they shall have succeeded in clutching the spoils and power of office, is the great problem with the managers. The plan adopted is, to make, on the one hand, the most desperate efforts to prove that their consciences and all their moral sentiments are opposed to slavery, and that they will do everything they *constitutionally* can, against it; and, on the other, to make equally desperate efforts to prove that they have the most sacred reverence for the Constitution, and that the Constitution gives them no power whatever to interfere with slavery in the States. So they cry to one wing of their party, 'Put us in power, and we will do everything we *constitutionally* can for liberty.' To the other wing, they cry, 'Put us in power. You can do it with perfect safety to slavery—for *constitutionally* we can do nothing against it, where it is.'

"It is lucky for these Jesuitical demagogues that there happen to be, bordering upon the United States, certain wilderness regions, over which the United States have hitherto usurped jurisdiction. This gives them an opportunity to make a show of living up to their professions, by appearing to carry on a terrific war against slavery, *outside the United States, where it is not*; while, *within the United States, where it is*, they have no *political* quarrel with it whatever, but only make a pretence of having very violent moral sentiments.

"Outside of the United States, where slavery is not, and where the United States really have no jurisdiction, the battle is made, by these men, to appear to be a real battle of statutes, at least, if not of principles. Within the United States, where slavery is, and where the United States *have* jurisdiction, the contest is plainly a mere contest of hypocrisy, rhetoric, and fustian, and a selfish struggle for the honors and spoils of office."

That many Republicans are demagogues and office-seekers is a truth as undeniable as it is painful; but it is our belief, that the masses of the party are imbued with an honest hatred of slavery, and that they are restrained from making political war against it in the States, chiefly because they think, as we do, that the Constitution gives them no power to abolish it. Our object is not to change their views of the Constitution in this particular, but to induce them to repudiate it, because, while it gives them no power to abolish slavery, it does require them, in several ways, to support the system. The arguments in favor of the anti-slavery construction of the Constitution, which to many persons of great intelligence seem so weighty and convincing, are to us not only inconclusive, but palpably absurd, and we believe there is not the slightest reason to hope that the friends of freedom will ever be brought to occupy ground so untenable and preposterous. The effort to maintain it, however, will tend, incidentally, to deepen the moral abhorrence of slavery, and thus to prepare the public mind for the moral and political revolution by which, sooner or later, slavery must be overthrown.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS and CULTIVATOR ALMANAC for 1861, containing Practical Suggestions for the Farmer and Horticulturist, and embellished with over ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS. By JOHN J. THOMAS, Author of the "American Fruit Culturist," etc., etc., and Associate Editor of "The Country Gentleman" and "The Cultivator." Published by Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y., and sent, post-paid, for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS; 12 copies for $1.

This manual has several features which should commend it to general circulation. We allude to the pithy and appropriate Hints for the Month which appear upon the Calendar pages, as embracing in the most concise form many valuable suggestions; to the article on Working Men's Cottages, for the neat and useful Designs it contains; to those upon Roses and Green-House Structures, for their beautiful illustrations; to that upon Poultry, as the most complete chapter upon the subject yet presented in equal space, accompanied as it is by so many engravings; and to that upon Weeds and their Destruction, as presenting just the information which every Farmer requires, with cuts by which he can compare the most common and troublesome of these intruders, and appropriate practical directions how to get rid of them.

A GUIDE-BOOK TO THE CENTRAL PARK, containing a Description of the Park as far as Completed, and of Work yet to be Done. New York: C. M. Saxton.

This manual, evidently prepared with great care, meets a want that is felt by the thousands of citizens and strangers who every day visit the grand Pleasure Ground which is at once the chief ornament and pride of the city of New York. The map presents a clear outline of all the most interesting features of the Park, in their relation to each other, while the pages of the manual supply all necessary information as to its history and design.

THE BOSTON MOB.—*The Liberator* of last week, after placing on record the circumstances attending the recent abortive attempt of a few "respectable" Union-savers and their degraded tools to crush out the freedom of speech in Boston, says:

"The inevitable result of this dastardly outrage will be to give to what had else been of little moment, extraordinary conspicuity, power, interest and *éclat*—to stimulate afresh the friends of immediate emancipation in their labors for the abolition of slavery—to strengthen the anti-slavery enterprise and increase its resources—to demonstrate the incompatibility of the slaveholding spirit, as well at the North as in the South, with freedom of speech and Republican institutions, and thus to concentrate upon it the indignation of a free people until it be driven out with universal execration, no more to curse our soil and breed anarchy in the Commonwealth. If this had been the first attempt by violence to suppress the sympathies of the human heart, to stifle the convictions of conscience, to inaugurate 'the reign of terror' on free soil, to 'squelch out the Abolitionists' (to quote the vernacular of the Boston *Post*), the participants therein might be excused, to some extent, on the ground of short-sightedness and utter inexperience; but, as it is the last of a series of similar riotous outbreaks extending through a period of thirty years, all over the country, every one of which has done far more to advance, the abolition movement than any unmolested effort in its behalf could possibly have accomplished, and all of them together mightily hastening the day of jubilee, the stupidity of the rioters is matched by nothing but their selfish malignity. Their outbreak is as impotent as it was despicable. If, when the anti-slavery cause was in its infancy—when its friends were 'few, and far between'—when every form of violence and every device of Satan were resorted to, throughout the country, to stop its onward course—it triumphed over all opposition—what folly and madness it is in Mr. Richard S. Fay, Mr. J. Murray Howe, and their riotous confederates, to imagine that by a single lawless procedure on their part, as exhibited on Monday last, they can bring that glorious cause to the ground, now that it is strong enough to control the political action of sixteen States of the Union, and virtually to determine the destiny of the nation! 'O, fools and blind!'

"Let not any abroad imagine that the least importance is to be attached to this convulsive spasm of mercenary scoundrelism. The Boston of 1835 is not the Boston of 1860. There is no parallel between the two cases.

"Of the immediate actors in this outrage, the two most guilty were Richard S. Fay, of Lynn—having a residence also on Beacon street—and James Murray Howe, of Brookline. Hereafter, theirs is to be an infamous reputation. The resolutions presented by the former for the adoption of the meeting—such is their despotic tone and murderous spirit—are worthy of an admirer of King Bomba and a follower of Capt. Kidd."

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary. JANUARY, 1861.

WHEN the claim for Universal Liberty was first made in our country, the best part of a lifetime ago, the work lay wholly in futurity. The idea and the principles of Human Rights were to be replanted, the justice and necessity of their cause as against slavery to be proved, the prevailing apathy to be broken, the public mind to be awakened and enkindled, the insufficiency of a Church and State controlled by slavery to compass freedom to be demonstrated, the retrogression of the land towards barbarism under their sway to be made manifest, and freedom of speech, of the press, and of a new specific association to be claimed and exercised as the only sufficient instrumentalities of progress.

This is the initiatory work that has been done, and by it abundant opportunities of direct action have been rendered practicable. The WORK ITSELF, in a thousand shapes, now lies before us, whose privilege it has been to make ready for it. The despotism is driven into open day. To meet it, requires devotion, industry, and the sacred fire of a true enthusiasm. It requires energy, cooperation and the discipline of self-control. It requires generous contributions of money. We trust that all these indispensable requisites are now, as ever, ready.

We earnestly and cordially entreat all who love our native land in sincerity, whether Europeans or Americans, to unite with us more numerously and more generously than ever to meet the demands of a period of crises unparalleled in the history of our country—new, indeed, in the history of the world. For when before has it ever happened that Freedom has been sought from among a dominant people for a down-trodden one, on so grand a scale as this? We ask aid of Europeans, while we bid them observe that their freedom makes progress only in exact proportion as our slavery is brought into discredit. We ask aid of Americans; for where is the American to whom this cause of ours is not the supreme interest of the present hour as affording the only hope of Futurity? The work before us is ever that primary one contemplated by no other existing body, political or religious: the work that Church and Government are always tempted by the necessities of their position as such to neglect, adjourn, suppress. And the stronger the desire of their members to promote the cause, the stronger the temptation, being so placed, to temporise and to compromise.

To all these we confidently appeal for aid in the work they can neither do, nor do without.

We cordially invite all who love Liberty the world over, to meet us at the Music Hall, Boston, in the month of January next, in person or by letter, uniting their sympathies and contributions with ours in the great work of the time—the peaceful extinction of American slavery.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	SARAH P. REMOND,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY FRANCIS,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	ELIZA APTHORP,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SARAH P. ATKINSON,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,

MARY E. SEARNS.

JUSTICE TO GARRISON.

The ages are more just than the years in which things take place; and by and by, when you and I are gone down below the horizon and men see none of us, they will behold, standing high as a star, such a man as William Lloyd Garrison—not on account of the infelicities of his disposition, but on account of this element of his life—Christian opposition to slavery.—H. W. BEECHER.

THANK you, Mr. Beecher, in the name of those who have long known and venerated Mr. Garrison, for the measure of justice you have done this noble man. Would that you had known him better, that you need have made no exception on the ground of "infelicities of disposition."

There is not a more kind, genial and generous man, as husband, father and friend, on this footstool, than Garrison. Like yourself, he feels a holy indignation at oppression and hypocrisy, and expresses himself in living, burning words of power, that carry conviction to those who hear; but who can refer to one single instance, through all the years of his martyrdom, in which his rebukes have been too strong for the occasion, or his action too decided for the character of his opponent?

If you would know all about the "infelicities" of a man's "disposition," go into his home; see how his wife and children and servants meet him; there, and there alone, can you truly measure the breadth and height and depth of his nature, the extent of his love and patience and self-sacrifice, and the soundness of his Christian faith; for if a man plays the tyrant anywhere, it is in his own home. He may be bland and eloquent and devotional on gala days, in the exchange, the forum, or the pulpit; but when he crosses his threshold, he lays off his cloak, and stands forth in his true character. Those who know the home of Garrison can tell you there is no iron rule there, but love and kindness and confidence reign supreme. His coming is not the signal for silence, coldness, and concealment, for the rights of his wife and children and servants are as sacred in his eyes as are the rights of the slave on the Southern plantation.

Never talk of the "infelicities" of a man's "disposition," when he is an object of love and veneration to his own household—when he is a great man, even to his valet. E. C. S.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.—The bark Cora, of about 350 tuns, of New York, under the command of Henderson Eastman, sailing master of the Constellation, flag ship of the African Squadron, arrived at this port on Saturday from Monrovia, and anchored off the navy yard at 4 p. m. She was captured on the coast of Africa by the Constellation on the 26th September, with 705 slaves on board. Two-thirds of the whole number were under 15 years of age. All were in a perfectly nude state. They were classified as follows: 172 men, 106 women, 343 boys, 81 girls, and three babes at the breast. Commander Eastman represents them to have been fat and hearty, seemingly unconscious and careless of their situation, and all gabbling at a great rate, while the sounds emitted were void of any well-defined articulations. The negroes were at once sent to Monrovia, where they arrived, in charge of Mr. Eastman, on the 15th of October, without any accident, except the loss by death of eleven of their number. The Cora, with a crew of ten men and the three Americans found on her at the time she was taken, left Monrovia on the 18th October and arrived at this port, as stated above, last Saturday. On Monday she was put in the hands of Marshal Rynders, who retains control of her until the proper tribunals shall have declared her a lawful prize. The first, second and third officers, named Frederick, Wilson and Olson (the three Americans referred to), are also to be put in the Marshal's custody to await their trial.

It will be remembered that the Cora was detained in port for several days last May, on suspicion that she had been fitted out for the slave trade, but was finally allowed to depart.

ATTEMPT AT KIDNAPPING.—A colored boy named William Percival, 14 years old, recently arrived here in the schooner Napoleon from Trinidad. He says that the Captain of the schooner, D. D. Sirmond (a native of Charleston) induced him to leave his parents and ship as cabin boy. Learning that the schooner was bound for Charleston, he was afraid of being sold as a slave, and therefore ran away from the boarding-house where the Captain had placed him. The Captain employed a police officer to hunt him up, but when, after arresting him, the officer heard his story, he called the attention of the Superintendent to the matter, and the boy was finally placed under the care of the British Consul, to be sent to his parents in Trinidad. There is too much reason to believe that Capt. Sirmond meant to consign the boy to a life of slavery. The mate of the schooner told the police officer that William had been indentured to the Captain, who had bound himself in $500 to return him; but the Captain did not present the indenture, as he would probably have done if he had possessed such a paper. The boy's story is doubtless true, and if so, he has had a narrow escape from a doom worse than death.

NO SLAVE-HUNTING IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

THE time has arrived when the friends of freedom in the Empire State are called upon to make a new and vigorous effort to procure the enactment of a statute that shall interpose an effectual barrier to the incursions of the Southern slave-hunter upon their soil. It is the more important that this effort should be made now, in view of the insolent demands of the Slave Oligarchy for the repeal of the Personal Liberty laws of other States, and of the disposition evinced by weak-kneed and weak-backed Republicans to offer the required sacrifice, in the hope of thereby smoothing their way to offices long coveted and now almost within reach. These Republican doughfaces must be made to understand that they cannot, with safety even to their own interest, trifle with the earnest, heartfelt anti-slavery sentiment of the North; and there is no better

Miscellaneous Department.

WANTS AND BLESSINGS.

No gift of poesy is mine,
To bring me either friends or fame:
I have not written any line
To link remembrance with my name.

No wealth, to take with open palms
Its blessings to the poor and weak;
Not of my charities and alms
Has any tongue the right to speak.

I have no beauty: in my face,
Where roses bloomed not in its prime,
More plainly every day I trace
The surely deepening lines of time.

Yet friends, to me most kind and true,
A little of their love have given:
I have my blessings, though but few—
Some faith in man, and much in Heaven.

For I have found that man may be
Still better than his words and deeds;
And Heaven's supplies have been to me
Yet greater than my mortal needs.

And so, whate'er my life below,
I trust that God o'errules above,
And that my sins can never go
Outside the limit of his love. PHŒBE CARY.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

HAWTHORNE—MRS. STOWE—HOLMES—LOWELL.

From The North British Review for November.

AMERICA has produced four genuine and genial humorists in Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, Holmes, and Lowell. These have given to American literature a better right of challenging a comparison with other literatures, in the department of humor, than perhaps in any other. The humor of Hawthorne is a singular flower to find on American soil. As Lowell sings of him—

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare,
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there:
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet,
'Tis as if a rough oak, that for ages had stood,
With his gnarled, bony branches, like ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
With a single anemone trembly and rathe."

He is a humorist for the fastidious few, not for the multitude. As a satirist, his weapon does not make great gaping flesh-wounds; it is too ethereal in temper. Nor does he mockingly offer the sponge dipped in gall and vinegar. He is a kindly, smiling satirist. But his smile often goes deeper than loud laughter. He is one of the tenderest-hearted men that ever made humor more piquant with the pungency of satire. There is a side of sombre shadow to his nature which sets forth the bright felicities of subtle insight with a more shining richness. He has a weird imagination, which at will can visit the border-land of flesh and spirit, whence breathe the creeping airs that thrill with fearful fascination. His mirth is grave with sweet thoughts; the very poetry of humor is to be found in his pages, with an aroma fine as the sweet-briar's fragrance. How rare and delicate is his satire, may be seen in the "Celestial Railroad" of the "Mosses from an Old Manse." A modern application of "Pilgrim's Progress," showing how we have altered all that now-a-days. Where the little wicket-gate once stood, is a station-house. No more need to carry the burthen like poor Christian: that goes in the luggage-van. The Slough of Despond is bridged over. Instead of the antique roll of parchment given by Evangelist, you procure a much more convenient small square ticket. The old feud and dispute between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the wicket-gate have been amicably arranged on the principle of mutual compromise. The Hill Difficulty has been tunnelled through, and the materials dug out of it have served to fill up the Valley of Humiliation. And, most delightful and satisfactory transformation of all, Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, instead of meeting poor pilgrims in moral conflict, is now liberally and laudably engaged to drive the engine. The only drawbacks to this new and improved safe and speedy passage to the Celestial city is, that somehow few ever get beyond Vanity Fair: and those that do, sink down in death's deadly cold river, with no shining ones to help them from the other side.

The deepest humor and pathos will often be found in twin relationship. They are the two sides of the same mental coin. There is a humor that touches us into tears; and great grief will have its gaiety of expression. Sir Thomas More and Sir Walter Raleigh on the scaffold will make their cheerful jest. We know that Cowper wrote his "Johnny Gilpin" when in one of his melancholy moods. So, often, with the rarest humor, you are reading or listening with an eager delight and expectancy of laughter, and, while the last smile has not yet done rippling over the face, it seems as though the humorist had by mistake struck the wrong chord; the tears are in the eyes at a touch like that long thrilling note of the nightingale's which comes piercing through the midst of her merry ecstasy, with such a heart-cry of yearning pathos, you are saddened in a moment; although the sadness is a richer pleasure than the mirth. Thackeray at times produces this effect very artfully. Only, when he has produced it, he seems to mock at your changed mood, as though he should say: "You were laughing just now; pray proceed; don't let *me* interrupt your merriment."

Mrs. Stowe, in a simpler way, has reached to this depth of humor where it passes into pathos. Nowhere more remarkably than in that scene in "Dred," with "Tiff" and his dying mistress, where the faithful old fellow sits at the bed-side with the big pair of spectacles on his large up-turned nose, the red handkerchief pinned round his shoulders; he busily darning a stocking, rocking a cradle with one foot, singing to himself, and talking to a little one, all at one time.

"I shall give up," moans the poor dying woman. "Bress de Lord, no, Missis," says the cheery old soul, taking all the fault on himself, as though he were the cause of her hopelessness. "We'll be all right again in a few days. Work has been kinder pressin' lately; and chil'n's clothes an't quite so 'spectable; but den I's doin' heaps o' mendin'. See dat ar," said he, holding up a slip of red flannel, resplendent with a black patch; "dat ar hole won't go no further: and it does well enough for Teddy to wear, rollin' round de do', and such like times, to save de bettermost"—honest fellow, he carefully ignores the fact that the child has no bettermost—"and de way I's put de yarn in dese yar stockins' an't slow. Den I's laid out to take a stitch in Teddy's shoes; and dat ar hole in de kiverlet, dat ar'll be stopped afore mornin'. O, let me alone, he! he! he!—ye didn't keep Tiff for nothin', Missis, ho! ho! ho!" and the black face became unctuous with the oil of gladness as Tiff proceeded with his work of consolation.

There are few comic creations more touching than this ugly, faithful, self-sacrificing dear old Tiff, left as father and mother to the poor children. Tenderly as a hen he gathers them under his old wings of shelter, and nurses and protects them. Mindful of the old dignity, and anxious for the family honor, he tells Miss Fanny to order him round well "afore folks." "Let folks hear ye; 'cause what's the use of havin' a Nigger, and nobody knowin' it?" "Keep a good look-out how Miss Nina walks, and how she holds her pocket-handkerchief, and, when she sits down, she gives a little flirt to her clothes, so dey all sit round her like ruffles. Dese yer little ways ladies have." With what a blithesome, never-failing cheerfulness, he meets and conquers all difficulties! He has eyes that will make a bright side to things with their own shining. When his old rickety vehicle breaks down on a journey, it has "broke in a strordinary good place this time." The bag of corn bursts; and as "dat ar de last bag we's got," why, he is ready to burst also with laughter at the "curosity." His fire goes out as soon as lighted; upon which he exults thus—"Bress de Lord! *got all the wood left, anyway.*" Great wisdom often smiles through his humor. Here we have him philosophizing in a contemplative attitude: "I thought de Lord made room in every beast's head for some sense; but 'pears like hens an't got de leastest grain. Puts me out seein' them crawing and crawing on one leg, 'cause dey an't sense enough to know where to sit down with t'other. Dey never has no idea what dey goin' to do, I believe; but den dar folks dat's just like 'em, dat de Lord *has* gin brains to, and dey won't use 'em. Dey's always settin' round, but *dey never lays no eggs*—so hens an't de worst critturs after all." Most touching is old Tiff's solicitude about getting the children into Canaan, fighting his way through the thorniest paths of this world—inquiring of everything and everybody the shortest way to Canaan. He's bound to that place, and the "chil'en" must be with old Tiff; couldn't do without him nohow. He hears the solemn sound of the pines at night, as they keep "whisper, whisper, never tellin' anybody what dey wants to know."

"What I's studdin' on lately is, how to get dese yer chil'en to Canaan; and I hars fus with one ear, and den with t'oder, but 'pears like an't clar 'bout it, yet. Dere's a heap about 'most everything else, and it's all very good; but 'pears like an't clar arter all about dat ar. Dey says, 'Come to Christ;' and I says, 'Whar is he, anyhow?' Bress you, I *want* to come! 'Dey talks 'bout going in de gate, and knocking at de do', and 'bout marching on de road, and 'bout fighting and being soldiers of de cross; and de Lord knows, now, I'd be glad to get de chil'en through any gate; and I could take 'em on my back and travel all day, if dere was any road; and if dere was a do', bress me if dey wouldn't hear old Tiff a rappin'! I 'spects de Lord would have fur to open it—would so. But, after all, when de preaching is done, dere don't 'pear to be nothing to it. Dere an't no gate, dere an't no do', nor no way; and dere an't no fighting, 'cept when Ben Dakin and Jim Stokes get jawing about der dogs; and everybody comes back eating der dinner quite comf'table, and 'pears like dere want no such thing dey's been preachin' 'bout. Dat ar troubles me—does so—'cause I wants fur to get dese yer chil'en in de kingdom, some way or other."

Tiff does not consider that he has got hold of much religion, nor can he read much in the Bible; he is "'mazin' slow-at dat ar; but den I'se larned all de *best words*—like Christ, and Lord, and God, and dem ar." "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," says the poet: and poor old, black, ungainly Tiff has a hundred such touches.

It is noticeable that Mrs. Stowe's richest and most affecting humor should be Negro humor. Is this intentional—her wilier way of pleading their cause? or is it a confession that the dark people have lighter hearts and merrier natures, in spite of slavery, than her Yankee white friends have, with all their freedom? We consider her power of *differenciating* the Negro character, by means of the individual humor, to be one of her most remarkable gifts as a novelist. The humor of "Candace," in the "Minister's Wooing," is very different from that of Tiff, and sufficient, of itself, to outline the character. Hers has a more "keeking" shrewdness. That is an immortalizing observation of hers—"Dogs knows a heap more than they likes to tell." Of course, their difficulty is to get a publisher. 'Tis not often that such an interpreter as Burns comes to read their look; although many of us must have felt that they often needed one. This, again, is very keen—"Some folks say," said Candace, "that dreaming about white horses is a certain sign. Jinny Styles is very strong about that. Now, she came down one morning crying, 'cause she had been dreaming about white horses, and she was sure she should hear some friend was dead. And sure enough a man came in that day, and told her that her son was drowned out in the harbor. And Jinny said, 'There, she was sure that sign never would fail.' But then, ye see, that night he came home. Jinny wasn't *really disappointed*; but she always insisted he *was as good as drowned any way, 'cause he sank three times.*"

The speciality of Old Hundred's humor, again, is different, as Topsy is from Tiff. He has been making all sorts of excuses to his mistress to prevent the horses going out.

"'Now an't you ashamed of yourself, you mean old Nigger?' said Aunt Rose, the wife of Old Hundred, who had been listening to the conversation, 'talking about de creek, and de mud, and de critturs, and lor knows what all, when we all knows its nothing but your laziness?'

"'Well,' said Old Hundred, 'and what would come o' the critturs if I wasn't lazy, I want to know? Laziness! it's the bery best thing for the critturs, can be. Where'd dem hosses a been now, if I had been one of your highfelutin' sort, always drivin' round? Who wants to see hosses all skin and bone? Lord! if I had been like some o' de coachmen, de buzzards would have had de pickin' of dem critturs long ago.'

"'I rally believe that you've told dem dar lies till you begin to believe 'em yourself,' said Rose. 'Tellin' our dear, sweet young lady about your bein' up with Peter all night, when de Lord knows you laid here snorin', fit to tar de roof off.'

"'Well, must say something! Folks must be 'spectful to de ladies. Course I couldn't tell her I *wouldn't* take de critturs out; so I just trots out 'scuse. Ah, lots o' dem 'scuses I keeps. I tell you now, 'scuses is excellent things! Why, 'scuses is like dis yer grease dat keeps de wheels from screaking. Lord bless you, de whole world turns on 'scuses. Whar de world be, if everybody was such fools to tell de raal reason for everything they are gwine for to do, or an't gwine for to do?'"

Oliver Wendell Holmes has been long known in this country as the author of some poems, written in stately classic verse, abounding in happy thoughts, and bright bird peeps of fancy, such as this, for example:

"The punchbowl's sounding depths were stirred,
Its silver cherubs smiling as they heard."

And this first glint of spring—

"The spendthrift Crocus, bursting through the mould,
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold."

He is also known as the writer of many pieces which wear a serious look until they break out into a laugh at the end, perhaps in the last line, as with those on "Lending a Punch Bowl"—a cunning way of the writer's; just as the knot is tied in the whipcord at the end of the lash, to enhance the smack. But neither of these kinds, of verse prepared us for anything so good, so sustained, so national, and yet so akin to our finest humorists, as in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"; a very delightful book—a handy book for the breakfast table. A book to conjure up a cozy winter picture of a ruddy fire, and singing kettle, soft hearth rug, warm slippers, and easy chair; a musical chime of cups and saucers, fragrance of tea and toast within, and those flowers of frost fading on the windows without, as though old Winter just looked in, but his cold breath was melted, and so he passed by. A book to possess two copies of; one to be read and marked, thumbed and dog-eared; and one to stand up in its pride of place with the rest on the shelves, all ranged in shining rows, as dear old friends, and not merely as nodding acquaintances. Not at all like that ponderous and overbearing autocrat, Dr. Johnson, is our Yankee friend. He has more of Goldsmith's sweetness and loveability. He is as true a lover of elegance and high-bred grace, dainty fancies and all pleasurable things as was Leigh Hunt; he has more worldly sense without the moral languor; but there is the same boy-heart, beating in a manly breast, beneath the poet's singing robe. For he is a poet as well as a humorist. Indeed, although this book is written in prose, it is full of poetry, with the "beaded bubbles" of humor dancing up through the true hippocrene, and "winking at the brim" with a winning look of invitation shining in their merry eyes.

The humor and the poetry of the book do not lie in tangible nuggets for extraction, but they are there; they pervade it from beginning to end. We cannot spoon out the sparkles of sunshine as they shimmer on the wavelets of water; but they are there, moving in all their golden life and evanescent grace.

Holmes may not be so recognizably national as Lowell; his prominent characteristics are not so exceptionally Yankee; the traits are not so peculiar as those delineated in the "Biglow Papers." But he is national. One of the most hopeful literary signs of this book is its quiet nationality. The writer has made no straining and grasping efforts after that which is striking and peculiar: which has always been the bane of youth, whether in nations or individuals. He has been content to take the common, home-spun, every-day humanity that he found ready to hand—people who do congregate around the breakfast table of an American boarding-house; and out of this material he has wrought with a vivid touch and truth of portraiture, and won the most legitimate triumph of a genuine book. We presume it to be a pleasant fiction of the author's that Americans ever talk at all at such a time. But, perhaps, the Autocrat's example may be of service, and ultimately a chatty meal may take the place of a most voracious silence. If so, that may conduce to a jucier, ruddier, plumper humanity than exists in the States at present.

Holmes has the pleasantest possible way of saying things that many people don't like to hear. His tonics are bitter and bland. He does not spare the various foibles and vices of his countrymen and women. But it is done so good-naturedly, or with a sly puff of diamond-dust in the eyes of the victims, who don't see the joke which is so apparent to us. As good old Isaac Walton advises respecting the worm, he impales them tenderly, as though he loved them. As we said, we can't spoon out the sparkles. It is more difficult to catch a smile than a tear. But we shall try to extract a few samples:

"The company agreed that the last illustration was of superior excellence, or, in the phrase used by them, 'Fust-rate.' I acknowledged the compliment, but rebuked the expression. 'Fustrate,' 'prime,' 'a handsome garment,' 'a gent in a flowered vest'—all such expressions are final. They blast the lineage of him or her who utters them, for generations up and down."

"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

"Give me the luxuries of life, and I will dispense with its necessaries."

"Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say, rather, it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him, and the wave in which he dips."

"Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtasked. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself. Stupidity often saves a man from going mad. Any decent person ought to go mad, if he really holds such and such opinions. It is very much to his discredit in every point of view, if he does not. I am very much ashamed of some people for retaining their reason, when they know perfectly well that if they were not the most stupid or the most selfish of human beings, they would become *non compotes* at once."

"What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eye than such a one to our minds. There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called the *jerky* minds. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel."

"'Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is over?' We rather think we do. 'They want to be off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your room, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which, being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern-formost, into their native element of out-of-doors."

Lucky dog! to have hit upon such an invention! Sad dog! not to have communicated it!

We are not so sure that the "Professor" is equal to the "Autocrat," but are not as familiar with him yet. If the first be a book of the class in which we place it, it could not be repeated with the same success. The first "sprightly runnings" always have an aroma that comes no more. It is very readable, however, and full of good things. Some of the old boarders re-appear in these pages. The "young man called John," individualized with homely humor, is one of these. With all his external roughness, this "young man John" has a refinement of feeling; such, we think, as seldom troubles boarders:

"It an't the feed—said the young man John—it's the old woman's looks when a fellah lays it in too strong. The feed's well enough. After geese have got tough, 'n' turkeys have got strong, 'n' lamb's got old, 'n' veal's pretty nigh beef, 'n' sparragrass's growin' tall 'n' slim 'n' scattery about the head, 'n' green peas are gettin' so big 'n' hard they'd be dangerous if you fired 'em out of a revolver, we get hold of all them delicacies of the season. But it's too much like feedin' on live folks and devourin' Widdah's substance, to lay yourself out in the eatin' way, when a fellah's as hungry as the chap that said a turkey was too much for one, 'n' not enough for two. I can't help lookin' at the old woman. Corned-beef-days she's tolerable calm. Roastin'-days she worries some, 'n' keeps a sharp eye on the chap that carves. But when there's anything in the poultry line, it seems to hurt her feelings so to see the knife goin' into the breast, and joints comin' to pieces, that there's no comfort in eatin'. When I cut up an old fowl and help the boarders, I always feel as if I ought to say, Won't you have a slice of Widdah?—instead of chicken."

The greatest of all American humorists is James Russell Lowell; and greatest of all American books of humor is "the Biglow Papers." If Holmes can match the Queen Anne men in their genial way, with a pleasant tincture of Montaigne, Lowell reminds us more of the lusty strength and boundless humor of that great Elizabethan literature. Not that he imitates them, or follows in their footsteps; for if there be an American book that might have existed as an indigenous growth, independently of an European literature, we feel that book to be "the Biglow Papers." The author might have been one of the men who met and made merry at the "Mermaid," because of his thoroughly original genius, his mountain-mirth, his glorious fulness of life, his pith and power. The humor of "the Biglow Papers" is "audible, and full of vent," racy in hilarious hyperbole, and it has that infusion of poetry necessary to the richest and deepest humor. The book is a national birth, and it possesses that element of nationality which has been the most enduring part of all the best and greatest births in literature and art. In the instance of all the greatest poets and painters, they are the most enduring and universal who have drawn most on the national life. The life of art, poetry, humor, must be found at home or nowhere. And the crowning quality of Lowell's book is, that it was found at home. It could not have been written in any other country than America. The setting is admirable, and most provocative to the sense of humor. Good old Parson Wilbur—half Puritan, half Vicar of Wakefield, mixed in America—with his pleasant verbosity, his smiling superiority, supplies a capital background to the broad and homely humor, the novel and startling views, the quaint rustic expression of his talented young parishioner. We know how it enhances the effect in art when the means chosen are of the simplest kind. We know also how much more galling satire may be when it comes from those we have looked down upon as illiterate. This is the great success—and sting in it—of Hosea Biglow's humor. Here is an uneducated Yankee provincial, smelling of the soil, speaking in a local dialect, pitching into humbugs, literary and political, with the most amazing confidence; striking blows with his sinewy strength and gaunt arms like the passing sails of a windmill. He does not fight as a cultivated gentleman, with revolver and bowie-knife even, but lays it on in vulgar fistic fashion, stripped to the naked nature, with such vigor that the humbugs are "nowhere" before they know where. The result is indeed most laughable!

At the time when the "Biglow Papers" were written, the Northern States of America by no means stood in that free and fighting attitude against slavery which they have since attained. Thus Hosen satirises them:

"Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
Take sech everlastin' pains
All to get the devil's thankee,
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
We begin,to think it's natur
To take sarse an' not be riled;
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on end at bein' biled?"

Hosea went dead against popular feeling on the subject of the Mexican war. On seeing a recruiting sergeant he grows glorious in his riotous way of poking fun:

"Jest go home and ax our Nancy
Wether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye—guess she'd fancy
The etarnal bung wuz loose?
She wants me for home consumption:
Let alone the hay's to mow—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe."

We honor the heroic courage of the man who, when it was dangerous to do so, gave brave utterance to many unpalatable truths. To quote his own words,

"We honor the man who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak:
Caring nought for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower."

And this is just what Lowell has done. But we must return to our friend Hosea, who will tell us, among other things, "What Mr. Robinson thinks."

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
That th' Apostles rigged out in their swallow-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum and a fife,
To get some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes:
But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they *didn't know everythin' down in Judee.*"

Hosea's report of the remarks made by Increase D. O'Phace, Esq. (*i. e.*, Doughface), at an extrumpery caucus, contains some sly hits at the stump orators who appeal to the mob for their suffrages. As for example:

"A merciful Providence fashioned us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles swaller."

And—

"I'm willin a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,
Because its a crime no one ever committed:
But we musn't be hard on particklar sins,
Coz then we'll be kickin' the people's own shins."

The broadest grins, and most uproarious laughter, will be provoked by the amusing letters of "Birdofredom Sawin"—a lazy, cheerful rascal who enlists, thinking to make his fortune in the Mexican war. He describes the difference between his expectations and the reality he has found since he "wuz fool enuff to goe a trottin' inter Miss Chilf arter a drum and a fife" as Hosea says—

"Its glory—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus.
But when it comes to *bein'* killed—I tell ye I felt streaked
The fust time ever I found out wy baggonets wuz peaked."

In another he describes the result of "goin' whar glory waits ye" in his own particular case. He has lost one leg. Still, there is comfort in the thought that the liquor won't get into the new wooden one; so it will save drink, and he will always have one "sober peg":

"I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss its easy to supply
Out o' the glory thet I've gut, fer thet is all my eye;
And one is big enough, I guess, by diligently usin' it,
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay for losin' it.
Ware's my left hand? O, darn it yes, I recollect wut's come on it;
I haint no left arm but my right, and thet's gut jest a thumb on it."

However, dilapidated as he is, and good for nothing else, he thinks he may do as candidate for the Presidency. And certainly he shows great knowledge of American human nature in his instructions for issuing an address, and tact in canvassing:

"Ef wile you're lectionearin' round, some curus chaps should beg
To know my views o' state affairs, jest answer *wooden leg!*
Ef they aint satisfied with thet, an' kin' o' pry an' doubt,
An' ax fer suthin' deffynit, jest say *one eye put out!*
Then you can call me 'Timbertoes'—thet's wut the people likes;
Suthin' combinin' morril truth, with phrases sech as strikes.
Its a good tangible idee, a suthin' to embody
Thet valooable class of men who look thro' brandy toddy."

He's all right on the slavery question, as he once found by special experience that niggers are not fit to be trusted. We regret not being able to give it, for it is one of the best things in the book, but are anxious to quote this charming little poem, which is perfect as a Dutch interior, and has a richer human glow:

"THE COURTIN'.

"Zekle crep up, quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The old queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back frum Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiney on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot and knowed it, tu,
Araspin' on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelings flew
Like sparks in burnt-up-paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle."

We learn from the Parson that he was "not backward to recognize in the verses a certain wild, puckery, acidulous flavor, not wholly unpleasing, nor unwholesome to palates cloyed with the sugariness of tamed and cultivated fruit." And we find a delicious bit of simple worldly-wisdom in the dear old fellow's way of ushering them into the world. As it is the custom to attach "Notices of the Press" to the second edition of a work, he conceived it would be of more service to prepare such notices and print them with the first edition; for, as he very justly remarks, "to delay attaching the *bobs* until the second attempt at flying the kite, would indicate but a slender experience in that useful art." We could have wished that a portrait of "Hosea Biglow" had been attached to the book, but, as it is not, this graphic etching by his father is of all the more interest. It is a remarkable glimpse of his remarkable son's remarkable mode of composing his poetry. "Hosea he com home considerabal riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I hearn Him a thrashin round like a short-tailed Bull in thtime. The old Woman sez she to me sez she, Zekle, sez she, our Hosea's gut the chollery or suthin another, sez she, dont you bee skeered, sez I, he's oney amakin pottery, sez I, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and sure enuf, cum mornin, Hosy he cum down stares full drizzle, hare on eend and cote tales flyin, and sot right of to go reed his varses to Parson Wilbur, bineby he cum back and sed the parson wuz dreffle tickled with 'em as I hoop you will Be, and sed they wuz True grit." It is too bad, we think, that while there have been so many editions of Longfellow's works in this country, there has never been a collected edition of Lowell's Poems. We thank the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" for his hearty preface to "the Biglow Papers," and hope that the success of this volume will lead to his editing a perfect collection of Lowell's Poems.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

And is it so, dear brother of my youth,
Hast thou gone down beneath a stormy sea?
Oh! would that I could doubt the story's truth;
Would I *could* hope to look once more on thee.
Thy troubled life has had a dreary close,
Poor child of many woes!

Our last sad parting I remember well,
'Tis deeply graven both on heart and brain;
Forebodings which no efforts could dispel
Closed round my heart in that dark night of pain.
I feared, I feared thou wouldst return no more
From that far distant shore.

Was it for this you went so far away,
Spending your youthful strength in hardest toil?
Was it for this you labored night and day,
With industry which only death could foil?
How could death mark *there* for a stranger's grave,
My brother dear and brave?

Oh, brother loved and lost! my bursting heart
Will never, never cease to mourn thy doom.
Yet would that I might also soon depart,
To dwell with thee in some far better home.
The path through life I tread with bleeding feet;
To rest with thee were sweet.

Brother, where art thou? whither hast thou gone?
My soul shrinks back with horror from the thought
That thou wert called ere life's brief work was done;
That thou, perchance, hadst life's chief work forgot.
"May God have called thee like a wanderer home,"
Where sin can never come.

Departed one, canst thou behold my tears?
Canst see the anguish of thy sister's heart?
Wilt thou not speak one word to soothe her fears?
Oh! *come to me:* I will not shrink nor start.
There's none will mourn for thee as *I* shall mourn:
One moment, then, return.

Speak to me, Herbert; let me hear thy voice:
Give me some token that *'tis well* with thee.
Then shall my heart have rest; I will rejoice,
Though thy dear body slumber in the sea;
Yes; joy and glory in thy happy fate,
Though I am desolate.

For I *am* desolate, and lone, and cold;
Shadows crowd thick and thicker round my way;
Cold as the waves which thy young form enfold
Is life to me—I cannot bear to stay.
Mother and brother! would that ye *might* come,
And bear me home!

A SLAVEHOLDING REPUBLIC.

From The London Saturday Review.

NOTHING can be more rational than the scepticism which leads men of experience to doubt the occurrence of any very great event which is confidently predicted; and if the event be an American event, incredulity is increased by the knowledge that the American people have principles of barking which are entirely distinct from their principles of biting. Still there are some symptoms which make it worth while to attend to the contingency of a separation between the Northern and Southern States of the Union.

As soon as it becomes worth while to discuss the establishment of a separate federation of the slave-owning States, the considerations which suggest themselves are such as to make us wonder at the folly of the undertaking. The least drawback on it is its expensiveness. At present the cost of the General Government is most unequally distributed between the North and South; and, though in the Southern section these expenses are much larger than in the Northern, from the greater inaccessibility of the country, the amount contributed by the slave States to the revenue which pays them is out of all proportion smaller than the amount raised from the States of free soil. This, however, is a trifling reason for valuing the Union, compared with others. Is it possible that the planters do not perceive that their connection with the Northern States has the effect, as it were, of insuring their peculiar institution? Looked at impartially, it is much more like a contrivance for keeping up negro servitude than for weakening it. But if the Southern States once succeeded in constituting a separate Federation, it is surely clear that every question now pending between themselves and the North would become at once an international question. Every point now at issue in the domestic forum of Congress would come under the cognizance of the general society of nations. What sort of division of the unsettled territory now belonging to the United States would ever be agreed upon between the Northern and Southern Federations, nobody can pretend even to conceive; and this is the very difficulty which seems to show that the severance could never be effected without bloodshed. It is plain, however, that every attempt of the Southern States to expand beyond the territory absolutely secured to them, would be resisted, not simply by their Northern neighbors, but by the whole strength of European civilization. The more reckless spirits of the South are pushing on their quarrel in the belief that, if they were once disembarrassed of the Union, they could rend province after province from Mexico, and fill each successive acquisition with their slaves. But Europe would have a word in the matter. It is simply the incorporation of the North with the South which prevents European statesmen from treating the annexations of the United States as avowed extensions of the area of slavery. They cannot now upbraid a Confederacy, of which more than half the members have no slaves, with conquering and annexing merely in the interest of cotton and negroes, but there would be no scruple about taxing the Southern Federation with designs which it would be at no pains to conceal. Nor is there, we take it, the slightest doubt that the free States would rather assist than impede the efforts of European diplomacy. The Monroe doctrine would be destroyed by the very fact of separation, and a Northern Union, once divided from the South, would not be long in making the discouragement of slavery the cardinal principle of its foreign policy. In short, the measure of the dangers of separation is the advantage now derived from disunion. Slavery is sufficiently unpopular in the world for a mere slaveholding Commonwealth to run no small risk of becoming the victim of a general crusade. But the actual connection of the Southern States with the North has the effect of masking their exclusive devotion to a hated system. The Constitution of the United States, as experience has abundantly shown, can often be so managed as to promote the objects of the slave-owners, and whenever advantage is gained in this way, it is gained without incurring danger and almost without attracting attention.

The extravagant notions of their own prowess entertained by the Americans of the Southern States has persuaded them that they would lose nothing in military strength and resource by casting off the bondage of the Constitution. We can only say that England is the only country which has had a serious struggle with the United States, and English experience does not bear out the Southern pretensions. During the Revolutionary War, the English troops scarcely commanded a foot of ground in the North which they did not actually occupy. But later in the struggle, the South was all but subjugated; and had not the inconceivable strategy of the English generals given a different turn to the issue, it seemed at one time probable that, even if New England and the middle States obtained their independence, the mother country would be left in possession of Georgia and the Carolinas, just as she was of Canada and Nova Scotia. Similarly, in the war of 1812, nobody in England ever doubted that the Southern States were the vulnerable part of the Federation; nor has the result changed this opinion. The expedition to New Orleans, though wilfully given up to destruction by General Pakenham, was exceedingly well planned; and had not the signing of peace in Europe interrupted hostilities, a second expedition on a larger scale, and under better commanders, would assuredly have ascended the Mississippi. It is not, indeed, to be supposed that anybody in England ever doubted, or doubts, the personal gallantry of the Southern whites. Even if the Southerner be somewhat of a bully, we have no faith in the popular assumption that a bully is a poltroon. But we in Europe have recently learned to distrust the strength of every system which is based on the depression of a subject population. There were brave men in Italy who were wedded to the cause of legitimacy—such men, for example, as are still grouped around King Francis at Gaeta. But the lesson we have received is, that it is never safe to calculate on the abasement of subjects. The Southerners can hardly disdain the negro as a rebel more than the local Italian despots despised their people as mutineers. If the negro is considered half an animal, the Italian was thought half a woman. "My people," wrote King Ferdinand, "bend their necks and obey." Yet a very slight assistance from without swept away the Italian tyrants; and, for our part, we do not envy the Southern whites when once a negro Garibaldi is among their slaves.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with 'Good-day'
Made each day good, is hushed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon;
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

And cold before my summer's done,
And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here, with hope no longer here—
While the tears drop, my days go on.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone,"
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life, that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan:
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

I knock and cry, Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort—none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so winterly go on?

No bird am I to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon.
Good nests and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures—
And yet my days go on, go on.

I ask less kindness to be done,—
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit-space, and say "Behold,
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on."

What harm would *that* do? Green anon
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue; and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night,
While my new rest went on, went on.

From gracious Nature have I won
Such liberal bounty? May I run
So, travel-like, within her side,
And there be safe, who now am tried
By days that painfully go on?

—A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's Voice, not Nature's—night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creatures' praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Dayspring He, whose days go on.

He reigns above, he reigns alone:
Systems burn out and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all—
Ancient of days, whose days go on!

He reigns below, He reigns alone—
And having life in love foregone,
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with HIM, while days go on?

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear him charge his saints that none
Among the creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

—Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for *Thee*
Whose days eternally go on!

For us, . . whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done,
Grief may be joy misunderstood:
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust thee while my days go on.

Whatever's lost, it first was won;
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here,
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on!

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on!

And, having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well and hears it fall
Smiling . . so I! THY DAYS GO ON!

—*Independent.*

CHINESE VIEWS OF DEATH.—There is nothing in the Chinese character more striking than the apathy with which they undergo afflictions, or the resignation with which they bear them. There is so much elasticity in their disposition that the most opposite changes in their condition produce but little effect. A cooly can admirably ape the dignity of the mandarin when promoted, and a disgraced official or ruined merchant who formerly had lived in luxury appears little to regret the change he has undergone. There is no fear of death amongst them, though they have a character for cowardice. It is true they have the relics of the dead constantly before their eyes. The country is covered with graves, and in many places about Shanghai the coffins are openly exposed in the fields. They are even kept in the houses till a propitious day arrives for the burial, months passing by sometimes before the body is removed. When the coffin is decayed, the bones are car